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# Leslie's

May 21, 1921

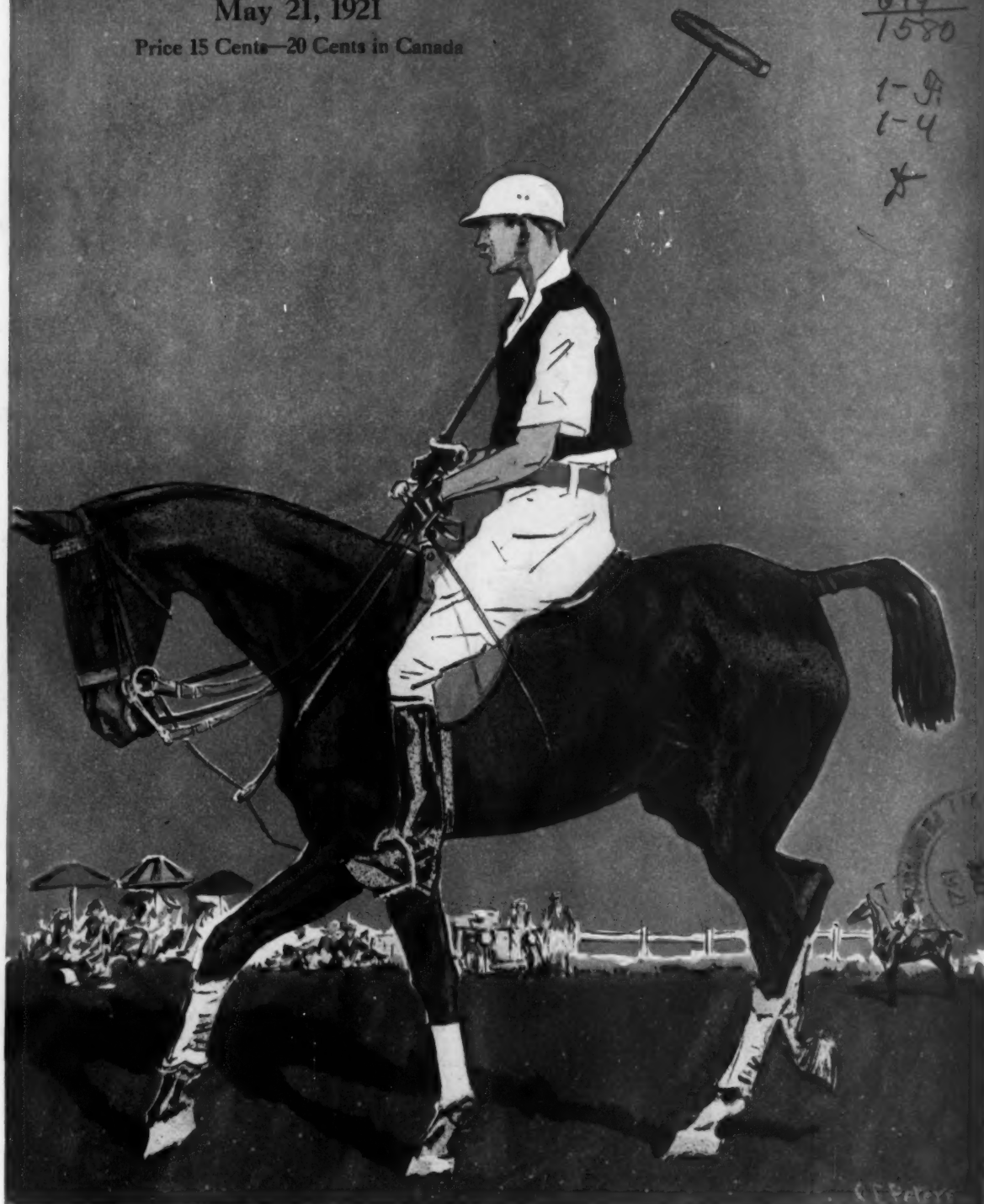
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*Personal:* If the lady and gentleman who helped me read my copy of a humorous publication while on the way home in the Main Street car last Thursday evening will send \$1 to Judge, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, they will receive said periodical for ten weeks and enjoy it more. So will I.

A. PHIL. ANTHROPIST

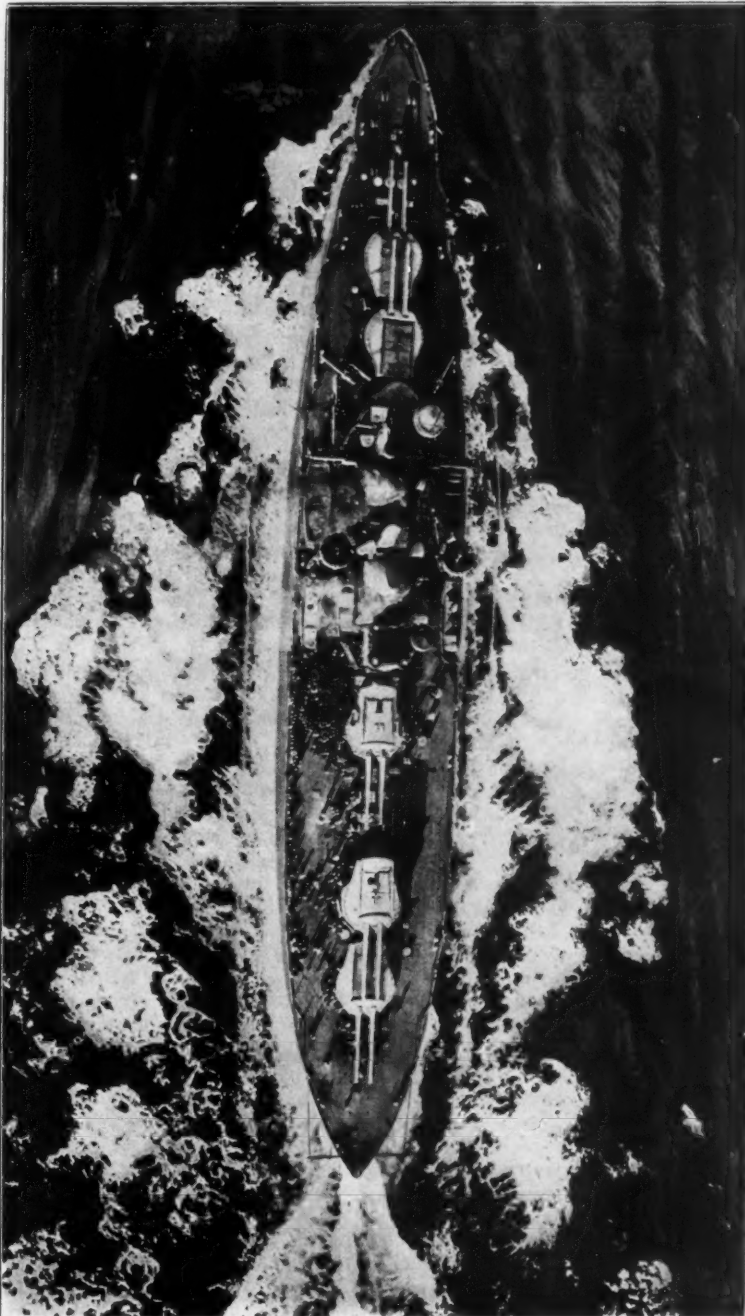
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Vol. CXXXII, No. 3421  
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May 21, 1921

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**H**OW the United States battleship Texas appears to an airman when the "visibility" is good. Sometime between June 1 and July 15 a great demonstration of what aircraft can do in naval warfare is to be made off the Virginia Capes. On that occasion Uncle Sam's birdmen hope to be able to produce results that will startle the world. Daily the members of the Naval Air Service are practicing with dummy

bombs on both fixed and towed targets; and the statement recently attributed to Gen. William Mitchell, second in command of the Army Air Service, that there is no American naval air service worthy of the name, may soon be refuted. Of unusual interest in this connection are the articles in this issue of **LESLIE'S**, by Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and Captain L. M. Overstreet, of the United States Navy.



LESLIE'S

—for American Progress, American Ideals, American Supremacy



## EDITORIALS

**T**HIS is the new LESLIE's mentioned in the last issue. The reader will note that the outward dimensions of the new magazine make it easier to handle than the old, and that for this and other reasons it is much easier to read. It contains, moreover, twice the number of pages carried in recent issues.

The cover is the first of a series, all genuine works of art, reproduced in full color.

But such items as these must be considered incidental to the editorial policy and contents of the new LESLIE's—its real purpose and substance.

With respect to its purpose, we will direct the reader's attention to the sub-title of the magazine—"An Illustrated Weekly Newspaper." It is our hope and intention to live up to that sub-title by providing LESLIE's readers with the kind of illustrated news articles for which a weekly is best fitted.

Not all the news that's fit to print is worth reading, or remembering. What LESLIE's prints, we hope, will be. The subjects it selects will not, as heretofore, be confined to any particular phase or phases of human activity. They will be diversified, covering the whole range of human interest. And so far as in us lies, they will be handled in a way to yield their utmost of instruction and entertainment.

To season the dish there will be fiction—the best *short* stories we can obtain—and plenty of pictorial features, as full of art as of timeliness.

But better than any itemized description by the prejudiced editor of what the new LESLIE's promises is the sample in your hand. It will show you that it is our aim—and along what lines—to produce an *illustrated weekly newspaper*, liberal in thought, of broad appeal, whose contents shall not only inform, but refresh, Americans.

### Arms and the Man

**I**N the matter of national defense at the present time two contradictory voices can be heard throughout the country. One is the cry, born of the experiences of the late war, for maximum preparedness both in the navy and the regular army; the other comes from a nation-wide desire for economy, a reaction from the enormous expenditures necessary to the war's prosecution.

Standing together with those who urge tax reduction are others who believe sincerely that armament necessarily spells more war, on the all-dressed-up-and-no-place-to-go theory.

But whatever the attitude of the country as a whole on preparedness versus pacifism, or a big navy versus disarmament, there is no question as to what should be the attitude of the War and Navy Departments, and particularly the heads of these departments. They must be strong for the cause. There must be no question of their sincerity.

On another page is set forth in his own words the atti-

tude of Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Assistant Secretary of the Navy. What he says can leave no doubt that his purpose, as well as that of Secretary Denby, is to strive for the best navy obtainable—which is just as it should be. As this involves taking sides in the capital ship controversy, it is doubly interesting to note Colonel Roosevelt's approximate agreement with the conclusions reached by Captain Overstreet in this same issue.

Captain Overstreet presents the strongest case for the battleship that we have seen.

### The Sales Tax

**"T**AXES," remarked Sydney Smith, "taxes"—but, then, everybody will know what he meant when the sales tax shows up on the price tag. Senator Smoot, the author, is sure that it would equalize the burden. To make assurance doubly sure, before tax revision ambles into any new mazes, the analytical keenness of Congress should debate all the obscurity out of an unclarified proposition. We don't want the land to seethe like a crap game.

As the New Englander might say: We want to know. We fear that a sales tax would sprout profanity, surmise and sulky habits—and should a single profiteer raise a horse-laugh every goat in the expanse would buck with the verifications of his prognostications.

While it has never been the habit of human nature to pay any taxes with ingurgitating joy, it is indubitable that many furrowed brows are contemplating the sales tax as if they anticipated that the sheriff intends them to walk a mile over broken glass in their bare feet to the poorhouse. It is now a most appropriate moment for a square deal exposition.

### "Poland Is Not Lost!"

**T**HE Poles—from whose picturesque capital we publish correspondence in another part of this issue—are a temperamental people, with a gift for dramatizing themselves, and this fact, perhaps, together with the obvious brutality of the Partitions, has led Westerners to view Poland with a rather too insistent romanticism.

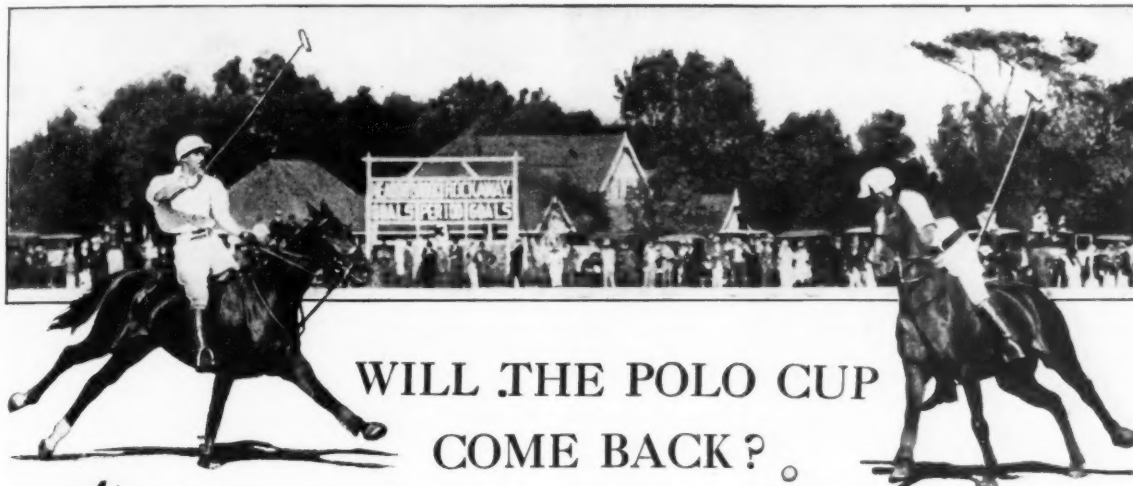
Realistic students have generally found it necessary, somewhat, to modify these preconceptions. Lord Salisbury, a serious and scholarly observer, declared that the Polish nation fell "by the justest retribution ever meted out to a foreign policy of incessant aggression and an oppressive and barbarous domestic rule." He spoke of the "ceremonious anarchy called government" and said that what fell was "not a nation but the domination of a few noblemen over the Polish people."

While such remarks may offend contemporary sensibilities, they are worth recalling as a balance to romantic generalizations only too easily made. To admit conditions which did much toward producing the Partitions is not to deny the strength of a cause which, in the opinion of this same critic, really began with 1815.

When Lord Salisbury was writing, the great war was still in the future, and the patient, tough-fisted teamwork by which the Poles held their own, economically, in Posen, with the Germans, had not yet begun. The Romanoff and Hohenzollern monarchies were still all-powerful, going concerns, and an independent Poland which should unite the Poles of the three partitioned parts, choose an ex-Socialist as its Chief of State, and a "peasant" as its Prime Minister, was as yet the vaguest dream.

The Poland of 1921 is a Poland in which the people rule in a sense which scarcely then seemed possible, which must of necessity break with the medieval past and become part of the modern world.





## WILL THE POLO CUP COME BACK?

*Betting Odds Favor the American Four, Consisting of Milburn,  
Tenby, Youth and Fire*

By HEYWOOD BROWN



"Belle of  
All." L. E. Stoddard's  
prize pony.



COURTESY A. G. SPALDING & BROS.



Captain  
Cheape, a star in  
the last matches.

**W**HEN the American polo team faces the British four at Hurlingham on June 18 in the opening match for the international cup, two veterans will be in the thick of the fight to bring the trophy back to America.

One will be Devereux Milburn, captain of the American team, who has played in every international match since 1909, when America first won the cup. The other will be Tenby, his pony, whose experience in the big games is just as long, though he is still his rider's junior by a few years. Milburn is forty, which is not so young for so strenuous a game as polo, but Tenby, with his seventeen equine years, is almost venerable.

To be sure, there is something of guesswork about the age of Tenby. He has kept his own counsel on the matter and it is only his long record and his longer teeth which serve to give him away. In fact, there is considerable controversy about his age, but in accepting seventeen one is kind to Tenby. There are experts who assert that he is all of twenty.

Although there is something of sentiment in Milburn's declaration that he will use the old horse in the big match, other considerations prompt him as well. It is almost as important that the pony should know the game as it is that his rider should. Kipling, you may remember, once wrote a famous polo story in which the horses did all the talking and most of the playing, and in his yarn the game was won single-handed by a scrubby little mount called The Maltese Cat.

In this there was some fictional license. After all, no matter how fast the pony may be in following the ball, how alert in obeying a command to wheel fast and go in the other

direction, it must be the man who swings the mallet. Milburn says that Tenby is as fast as ever he was, but that his wind shows the effect of years a little. The American captain has announced that he believes the old pony will be good for about five minutes of fierce competition. Then he must give way to a younger horse.

Accordingly, at some time or other during the first period Milburn will gallop at top speed for the side- and leap off tired Tenby get a fresher mount, but by's five minutes may the margin of victory.

In speaking of polo ponies a writer assumes no great li-

changing the word now and again for horse, for the modern pony is no longer a little animal as he was in the early days of the game. As often as not he is a sizeable steed of fourteen hands or over. The little fellows are useful because they enable the rider to keep close to the ground, and they turn fast; but in straight rushes down the field and in bumping matches a player likes to know that it will not be his horse which will bounce away from the encounter.

The American organization now in England is made up of Tenby and forty-nine other ponies and Milburn and six associate players. Of these Milburn is the only one who played in the big matches in 1914. His associates were Rene La Montague, Monte Waterbury and Larry Waterbury. These three must now be replaced by new men.

Still, the combination which America puts into the field will be by no means a green team. From July until October last summer a series of test matches was played at Meadowbrook, Piping Rock and Rockaway, and on the basis of these games the polo committee picked the seven men who were sent to England. The competition between the first team led by Milburn and the second captained by Cheever Cowdin was always close, but Milburn's team had a slight edge. It was made up of C. C. Rumsey, or Louis Stoddard, number one; Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., number two; J. Watson Webb, or Malcolm Stevenson, number three, and Milburn back.

The team which opposes England is likely to be made up of Rum-



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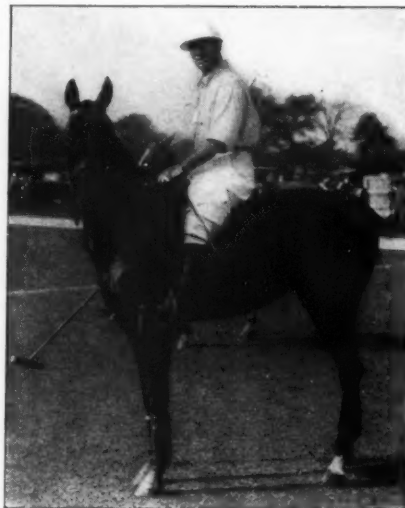
Devereux Milburn, captain of the American team, and another star—Tenby, his pony.



KEYSTONE

Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., (left) and Louis Stoddard, on Selma (right). Hitchcock will be the youngest player on the field. He is just twenty-two.

sey, Hitchcock, Webb and Milburn, although there may be a last-minute shift which will make use of one of the three substitutes, who are Earl W. Hopping, Louis Stoddard and Robert Strawbridge. The team as it takes the field is pretty sure to violate the conventional notion of the small wiry man whom we generally picture in our minds as the ideal polo type. Milburn weighs about one hundred and seventy pounds and as an undergraduate at Oxford rowed on the crew. He was, I believe, the first American ever to make a place in the Oxford boat. There is of course nothing



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superfluous in his one hundred and seventy pounds. It is a figure without cornices and his back and shoulders give every indication of the soundness of his reputation as the hardest hitter in the game.

Milburn will have, however, no advantage in weight over his team-mate, Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., who is another one hundred and seventy-pounder. Hitchcock who has just turned twenty-two will be the youngest player on the field, but there need be no fear that he will crack under the strain of international polo competition. He has been in tighter places than even a big match of this kind is likely to produce.

During the war he was an aviator, and after several combat victories he had the misfortune to crash within the German lines, where he was taken



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Members of the provisional English team likely to play in the international matches. They are (left to right): Colonel Tomkinson, Lord Dalmeny, Lord Wodehouse and Major Lockett. Others who may play are Colonel Melville, Colonel Brown and Colonel Hunter.

four of his team-mates. Milburn stands at the top of the list, handicapped at ten goals, while Stoddard is nine, and Webb and Hopping are set down at eight. Rumsey and Hitchcock are ranked as seven-goal men, but these official ratings may be somewhat disturbed by the results in actual play.

The American polo team will have something to offer this year even more unconventional than big men, for after all, most the American poloists, with the exception of Foxhall Keene, have been sizeable. The present combination, however, is the first international team to include a left-hander.

J. Watson Webb is the southpaw member. One or two critics have expressed the fear that the presence (Continued on pg. 530)

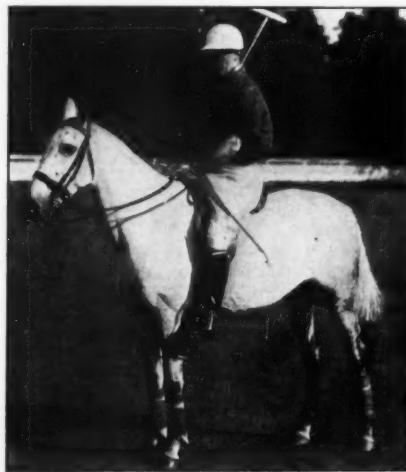


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prisoner. He proved an uneasy captive, and before many months he had managed to effect his escape from the prison camp, and making his way across Germany slipped over the border into Switzerland. A young man who could accomplish so much on foot is pretty apt to be a blazing star when mounted and armed with a mallet.

As a matter of fact, his showing in the practice matches has already marked him as one of the stars of the team. In the official handicaps, however, he ranks a little below

Charles Cary Rumsey on Vista (left) and Robert Strawbridge on Cinders (right).



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*H. D. Card. Dougherty,  
Arch. of Phila.*

### AMERICA'S NEW CARDINAL

*A Drawing from Life, Made Especially for LESLIE'S WEEKLY, by Albert Rosenthal; Signed by His Eminence*

Denis Cardinal Dougherty, Archbishop of Philadelphia, the fourth native of the United States and the fifth American to receive the Red Hat, upon his return from Rome the other day received one of the most remarkable popular welcomes ever accorded a great Churchman in this country.

Cardinal Dougherty was born of Irish parents in Girardville, Pennsylvania, on August 16, 1865. His entire life, since the age of fourteen, has been devoted to his ecclesiastical labors. He was ordained to the priesthood in Rome in 1890, and first gained fame in the Philippines.

"There is another type of thought which is represented by dreamers who see in every new invention a subversion of all present conditions. In this class are the individuals who assert that the airplane has rendered obsolete and unnecessary either infantry or capital ships."



## CONSIDER THE NAVY!

*By Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Assistant Secretary of the Navy*

**T**HE United States is a republic. Every citizen has an equal vested interest in its government. Therefore, every one of its public institutions belongs in the last analysis to the individual citizen. If an individual has an interest in any piece of property in ordinary everyday life, that individual keeps informed of the manner in which that property is handled. The same thing should hold true in so far as our governmental activities are concerned. Every citizen should take an active and intelligent interest therein. Certainly one of the most important of these is the navy, for the navy is the first line of defense of our country. When the test comes it is on our navy that we must largely depend to maintain our policies and ideals. All men and women should inform themselves in general concerning it. If they will do this they will be in a position to intelligently advise their representatives in Congress concerning their wishes. If they do not, many and grave errors may be made.

There are at this time numerous individuals who, carried away by false doctrines of one type or another, issue statements which may mislead those who are uninformed. There is one school which maintains that it is unnecessary to keep a navy going during times of peace and that warships should be laid up to be put in commission again when trouble breaks. Any one in possession of the facts knows that this is not practical. Much time is necessary

to train the personnel to operate the modern warship, which is one of the most complicated devices mechanically that the world has ever produced. In addition, a mechanical device as complicated as the modern warship deteriorates very rapidly when not in use. I have heard this school of thought go to wild extremes. At one time a prominent public man said in my presence that we needed no navy. All that was necessary was to subsidize merchant vessels and in time of war "clap guns on them." Again, any one in possession of the facts knows the absurdity of this statement. No vessel of this type could last for an instant against the feeblest of the modern war vessels. It would be as sensible to match a pomeranian against a mastiff.

**T**HERE is another type of thought which is represented by dreamers who see in every new invention a subversion of all present conditions. In this class are the individuals who assert that the airplane has rendered obsolete and unnecessary either infantry or capital ships. This is ridiculous. The Air Service must be properly developed, as it is a most important auxiliary arm, and its possibilities are on the threshold of development.

This type of agitation is not new, but is old as the hills. The direct parallel can be found when the Whitehead torpedo was invented and when France, following the doctrine preached by the theorists, ceased to build large vessels and centered her efforts on torpedo

boats. France soon found the error of her ways, and during the greatest modern naval engagement that the world has seen, Jutland, the capital ship played its old part.

**A**gain there was a time when the submarine was advocated on the same basis as the torpedo, and again, like the torpedo and like the airplane, it took its rightful position as an important auxiliary. Admiral Tirpitz in his memoirs says that he has only one regret, namely, that he did not build more capital ships.

A parallel furnished in the army is that of the machine-gun. At its inception there were those who thought it would eliminate the infantry, but in the last war, with the machine-gun thoroughly developed, the old axiom still held good, that the infantry was the body of the army.

In all of the above I do not for a moment intend to minimize the importance of the airplane, the submarine, or the machine-gun. They are of vital importance and to their development our earnest attention should be given, but they must not be seen out of perspective. The airplane in particular needs encouragement, because it is new and because its future possibilities are great. But we are a practical nation. We must deal with facts, not fancies. There is only one way that correct conclusions can be formed, from facts. To form these conclusions, the people must put themselves in possession of the facts.

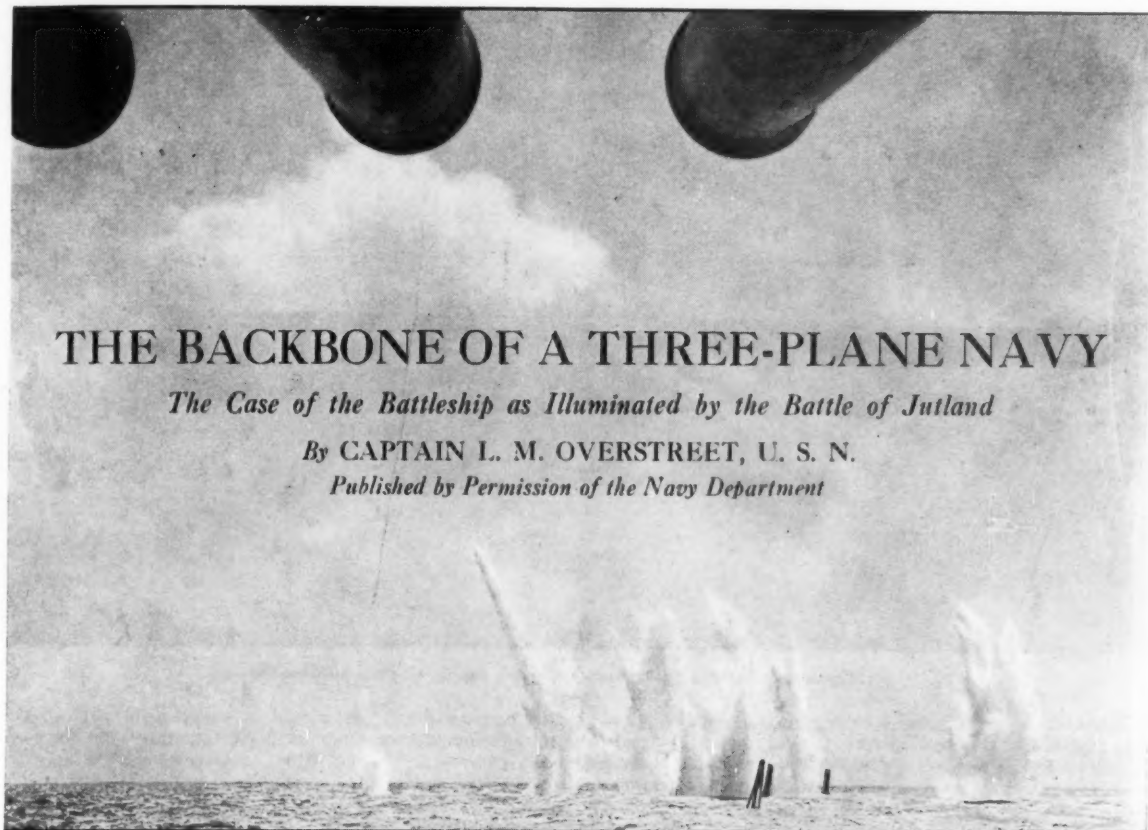


# THE BACKBONE OF A THREE-PLANE NAVY

*The Case of the Battleship as Illuminated by the Battle of Jutland*

By CAPTAIN L. M. OVERSTREET, U. S. N.

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© CLINEDINST  
Admiral Jellicoe, who won his great victory with big guns.

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—The present Administration at Washington, like its predecessor, has set its face against any serious modification of the naval construction program adopted in 1916, with its emphasis on the capital ship. This attitude has been attacked and ridiculed by those who see in aircraft and submarines the development of less expensive and more effective substitutes for the forty-five million dollar super-dreadnought.

The arguments of these more radical tacticians are answered in the following article by Captain L. M. Overstreet, U. S. N., recently in command of the cruiser Rochester and at present attached as a student to the Naval War College at Newport under Admiral Sims. Captain Overstreet reaches his conclusions largely by reference to the lessons of the Battle of Jutland.

The sympathy of the Administration with the views expressed by Captain Overstreet will be recognized in the statement on the opposite page by Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Assistant Secretary of the Navy.



© INTERNATIONAL  
Admiral Von Scheer, another believer in the battleship.

**M**ANY writers and speakers, as well as witnesses appearing before the Naval Committees, have recently stated that if aircraft and submarines can easily destroy battleships, then battleships are obsolete.

The aircraft and submarine advocates in their enthusiasm frequently omit this *if*, which should always be included in such statements. Some light on the importance of this little word to the merits of the controversy can be shed by certain facts bearing on the part taken by aircraft and submarines in a great modern naval battle (the Battle of Jutland, May 31, 1916).

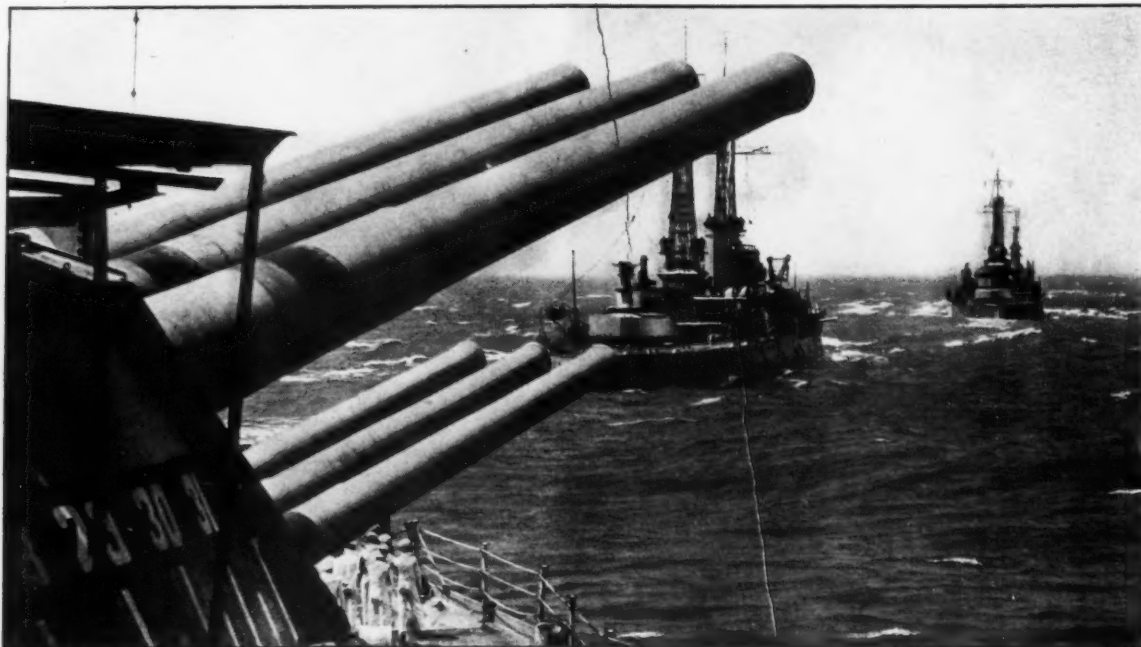
According to Admiral Von Scheer's book, "Germany's High Sea Fleet in the World War," the German fleet engaged in this bat-



U. S. NAVY OFFICIAL PHOTO  
Secretary of the Navy Denby and Admiral Wilson inspect the battleship Pennsylvania.

tle consisted of 22 battleships, 5 battle cruisers, 11 light cruisers, 77 destroyers, 16 submarines, and 10 Zeppelins. To these were added from six to eight of the Flanders submarines.

On May 18, 1916, Von Scheer ordered his cruisers to bombard the British coast at Sunderland. He considered this "would be certain to call out a display of English fighting ships, as promised by Mr. Balfour." In the meantime Von Scheer planned to hold his main fleet of battleships to the southward of Dogger Bank, to attack any small force of British ships which might come out, to block the English ports from which the English men-of-war would emerge with mines, to guard these ports with submarines, and to scout for the English fleet with Zeppelins.



U. S. NAVY OFFICIAL PHOTO

*Six 14-inch guns that can deliver a salvo of 8,500 pounds of armor-piercing steel.*

The Germans could not risk an engagement with the powerful British battleships. If the Zeppelins could locate and report the approach of the British battleships, then Von Scheer could fall back to the German side of the North Sea and keep from being cut off from his home port.

How did Von Scheer's plan work out? Admiral Von Scheer was ready on May 23 to make the attack on Sunderland, but postponed it from day to day until May 30, when he was forced to change his whole plan of battle. But why? Because, the Admiral states, "the weather each day continued to be unfavorable, and the airship commander could only report that it was impossible to send up airships."

A little fog or mist or low-lying clouds and the aviator is helpless.

Then comes this significant sentence in Von Scheer's book: "On May 30, as the possibility of a long-distance aerial

reconnaissance was still considered uncertain, I decided on an advance in the direction of the Skagerrak."

In other words, after the daily failure for eight days of his aircraft, Von Scheer decided to annul his plan to bombard the English coast and to keep on his own side of the North Sea so the British battleships could not easily cut off his retreat. The British battleship was Von Scheer's real menace.

The German fleet got underway at 4 A.M. (2 A.M. British time), May 31, to carry out the new plan.

Between 2 and 3 P. M. (12 and 1 British time) on May 31, 5 Zeppelins (L-9, L-14, L-16, L-21, and L-23) did go up to scout, but Von Scheer says: "they took no part in the battle that so soon was to follow, neither did they see anything of their main fleet, nor of the enemy, nor hear anything of the battle."

And yet in Von Scheer's official report

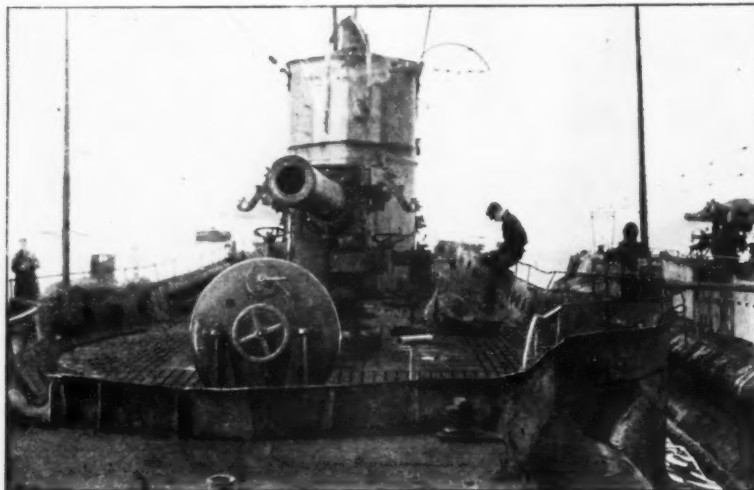
as quoted in the British "Official Despatches" he further states: "L-14 according to her own reckoning was over the scene of action at 10 P.M." This would be 8 P.M., English time, and still daylight.

Hovering over the greatest naval battle of the war in broad daylight without even knowing it was going on!

The main British Fleet came down from Scapa Flow to the northward and cut off the German Fleet. They were able to do this only through the absolute failure of the Zeppelins to see and to report the approach of the British battleships. When it looked as if the German fleet was doomed, Von Scheer, at 9.23 P.M. (7.23 English time), sent destroyers dashing into the face of the whole British battle fleet to make a torpedo attack and a smoke screen. (See Von Scheer's German Plan VI, diagram 7, in the British "Official Despatches.") The British battleships sunk destroyer S-35, but turned away from this torpedo attack and the German battleships escaped behind the smoke screen and were saved.

Can the failure of aircraft at such a critical time be better demonstrated?

In the New York Tribune of February 20, 1921, a writer, "Signal Halyards," reveals a vision of his, portraying a sea-fight in which the Admiral commands his fleet from a dirigible. To come down to earth and face facts, had Von Scheer been in Zeppelin L-14 on May 31, he would have been right over the fight and never have known it. He would have been lost in the clouds and mist. Think of it! Certain visionary American aircraft enthusiasts would have us abolish the battleship and build aircraft, yet when, on May 31, 1916, over 300 British and German warships were engaged in a tremendous naval battle in the North Sea, five Zeppelins couldn't even find the



U. S. NAVY OFFICIAL PHOTO

*The principal feature of this German U-boat is pointing at the reader.*



U. S. NAVY OFFICIAL PHOTO.

*A smoke-screen somewhat similar to this one greatly aided the Germans in escaping at Jutland.*

fight, although the aviators knew where Von Scheer had gone and the *L 14* must have been directly over it.

On June 1, the day after the battle, there were many ships, both British and German, in the North Sea, so the other five German Zeppelins (*L-11, 13, 17, 22* and *24*) went up for an early morning reconnaissance. The Zeppelin *L-11* reported in part as follows:

"On June 1, at 1.30 A.M. went up at Nordholtz . . . visibility limited owing to ground fog and later to a fog-like atmosphere high up extending over two or at most four nautical miles. Heligoland not visible through fog . . . at 5.10 sighted enemy unit of twelve large ships with numerous lighter craft steering NNE . . . Visibility so poor extremely difficult to keep in contact with enemy ships . . . at 5.15 enemy opened fire on airship . . . flash from guns could be seen although ships were hidden by smoke . . . *L-11* sometimes exposed to fire from 21 large and many small ships . . . shrapnel bursting shook airship's frame so increased range . . . visibility became worse and enemy lost to view at 6.20 A.M. . . . went so low down as 500 meters in hope of better visibility . . . impossible to see over 1 or 2 miles . . . under these conditions no plan to keep contact with enemy could be made . . . enemy not in sight again . . . landed at Nordholtz at 2 P.M."

It is important to note that the ships' gunfire forced the airship to draw away so far that the ships were lost to view. Also, that when flying as low as 500 meters it would be impossible to go over ships to bomb them.

The report of another airship, *L-24*, reads: " . . . at 4 A.M. 50 miles west of Bovbjerg sighted enemy destroyers, was fired at and returned fire with bombs,

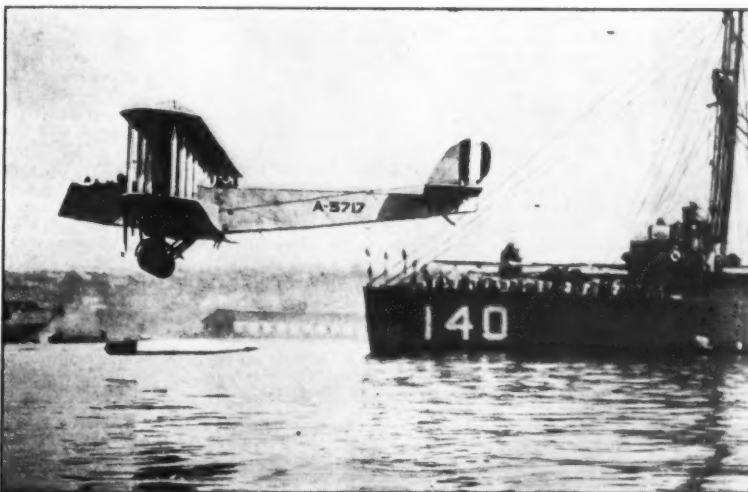
then got away . . . at 5 A.M. sighted 12 ships in Jammer Bay . . . impossible to keep contact, as there was bank of clouds low as 800 meters."

This shows an actual but futile attempt to bomb ships from an airship.

Admiral Beatty also tried to use aircraft in the Battle of Jutland. Shortly after the first report of sighting the enemy came in he ordered his seaplane carrier, *Engadine*, to send up a seaplane to scout. This was at 2.45 P.M., May 31. Flight Lieut. F. J. Rutland, R.N., the aviator who made the flight in seaplane No. 8359, wrote in his report: "I was hoisted out at 3.07 P. M. I steered N. 10 E., and after about 10 minutes sighted the enemy. Clouds were at 1000 to 12,000 feet, with patches at 900 feet. This necessitated flying very low. On sighting the enemy it was very hard to tell what they were, and so I had to close to within a mile and a half at height of 1000 feet. They then

opened fire on me with anti-aircraft and other guns, my height enabling them to use their anti-torpedo armament. . . . I flew through several of the columns of smoke caused through bursting shrapnel. When the observer had counted and got the disposition of the enemy and was making his W—T (wireless telegraph) report, I sheered to about 3 miles, keeping the enemy well in sight. At 3.45 P.M. a petrol pipe broke . . . I was forced to descend. On landing I made good the defect with rubber tube . . . I was hoisted in at 4.00 P.M. The visibility at 1000 feet was about 4 miles varying to one. . . . I could not keep both our fleet and the enemy's fleet in sight, through low-lying clouds. The enemy's anti-aircraft was fairly good, the shock of exploding shrapnel could be felt; the explosions taking place about 200 feet away on one side, in front and astern."

(Continued on page 527)



U. S. NAVY OFFICIAL PHOTO.

*A navy Martin bomber dropping a dummy torpedo into the water for practice.*





## ROBIN REDBREAST

By MME. LUCIE DELARUE-MARDRUS

*Translated from the French by William L. McPherson*

*Illustrations by PERRY BARLOW*

**A** DILIGENT mother, Madame Robin Redbreast cared all day long for her young, according to the best ornithological traditions. Her comings and goings were incessant. She flew away from the nest, remained absent a few minutes and returned carrying a live insect, a caterpillar, a worm or a beetle, which she stuffed presently into one of the three yellow beaks which yawned at her approach. This eager, continuous cramming with food occupied her so that one wondered why such a frenzy of activity didn't exhaust so tiny a creature.

The little ones, piled up against one another in the same space in which they had once been three eggs, received a little sunlight and a little shade, just as much as they needed in their nest. Certainly the location of the latter had been well chosen by the instinct of the little feathered household. But the parents had failed to take human beings into account. And their terror was great one morning when the house, very close to their tree—a house hitherto as silent as a rock—became suddenly full of life—shutters opened, doors slammed, voices spoke, people entered and came out, a dog prowled about, and a cat watched.

M. and Mme. Fabelle, in fact, had just arrived from Paris, to spend a beautiful spring month at their country place.

It was only after three days that Mme. Fabelle discovered the thing in the tree, on a level with her bathroom window. Leaning out a little she could peer into the nest and study all its mysteries.

After looking for a long time Mme. Fabelle, instead of smiling, sighed deeply.

She was a young and pretty woman, but was burdened with a great grief. Married at an age when others haven't yet passed the playtime period, she had had for her last doll the little girl

baby born to her, whom she set herself to adore with a passion she never gave to her husband, a mild and insignificant person.

How quickly they go—eighteen years of love!

Bound together like sisters, going to the same concerts, expositions, teas and dressmaking establishments; liking the same things; having the same affinities; united, moreover, by a taste for music, the one singing, the other playing accompaniments, the mother and daughter had never been separated. Before the eyes of the father and husband, always excluded from their pleasures, they had established the most complete accord, the most malicious feminine complicity imaginable—until the day when the fourth person had appeared to disjoin them and to break forever their long communion.

Falling in love at first sight, Gisèle became engaged two months later. In six months more she was married and had followed her husband, a high functionary, to Indo-China.

It was to get away from the scene of the last adieux that Mme. de Fabelle had determined on this unusual visit to the country. It was unsupportable to her to remain alone with her husband in their Paris apartment. To take a train and go off somewhere seemed to her the best thing to do.

Nevertheless, how she had wept on entering the country house in which Gisèle had spent so many happy vacations!

Poor M. de Fabelle, always humiliated before his family, knew very well that it was beyond his power to console his wife. Accustomed to his ungrateful rôle of supernumerary, he quickly disappeared each morning, leaving the house to the sorrowing mother.

He liked to ride the bicycle and to fish. He appeared only at meal-time.





When Mme. de Fabelle finished looking at the robin redbreast's nest she made her morning toilette. She said to herself that she would go down into the park, as usual, and take a walk, carrying her silent grievance with her. What did she do all day long but think of her daughter and sigh?

But as she was about to leave the bathroom she was drawn to the window by a reawakened interest, and again leaned out to watch the nest.

The spectacle of the happy mother robin pained her and at the same time attracted her. For whoever suffers seeks still other causes, for suffering and grief has its delectations as well as joy.

Her heart contracting, her eyes black with jealousy, she witnessed the little bird's happiness. "How she beats her wings! How she flutters! Go on! Care for them! Feed them! Warm them under your natural eiderdown! Sleep all night with them! Wake up tomorrow morning bursting with pleasure! Sing as I used to sing, as I shall never sing again! You don't know what it is to suffer in an empty nest, to carry a broken heart within your breast!"

Each morning she lingered there. Often the afternoon found her at the window, devouring with her eyes that maternal happiness which was no longer hers. And sometimes at dusk, when the descending shadows call the animals to rest, she came to take part in the bed-time ceremonies in the nest.

Nevertheless, the feathers came and the little round space became too small for the fledgelings crowded in it. One morning Mme. de Fabelle was surprised to see the three young birds perched on the nest's edge. The mother flew about them in extreme agitation.

Mme. de Fabelle had to leave the robin family to go down to the dining-room. When she returned the nest was empty. The birds had flown away.

"Oh!" she cried.

She saw the mother-bird, an insect in her bill, flying close to the ground, now here, now there. She understood that the three wanderers were still close by.

"Let's see if they come back," she said to herself.

All day long she followed the great adventure. She saw the little drama accentuated, phase by phase. Presently the mother robin renounced her worms and her caterpillars.

Perched on a small branch which hung over the nest, restless, a prey to exaltation, this tiny creature began to utter cries, her beak open, her throat stretched wide—to utter cries more and more desperate, until her little piercing monotonous voice, exhaled from her narrow throat, seemed to fill immensity with its pathos.

Trembling, Mme. de Fabelle heard something that resembled her own sobs. And while the bird's plaint lasted the woman felt to the bottom of her soul how alike are earthly griefs, whether human or animal. Tears ran down her cheeks. It seemed as if a sister wept with her. She no longer suffered alone. She belonged to the great family of mothers.

The robin redbreast called for help for hours. Then the evening approached, slowly and rosily. When it was dark the piercing little voice grew silent. The nest remained empty.

"It's finished for her," murmured Mme. de Fabelle, "as it is for me."

Her face wet, she left the window.

"Tomorrow," she thought, with a shudder, "it will begin all over again."

But the next day, waking early, she listened. There was no sound.

She ran to the window. In a few moments Madame Redbreast appeared. Gay, bright-eyed, perched there on the tree, she shook her feathers and began to trill a little air. Five hours of human grief—that is too much in the life of a bird. The sun had risen. Sorrow was forgotten.

Mme. de Fabelle stood for a long time at the window, in a dream. Then she dressed and went downstairs. Her steps led her hesitatingly, and, as it were, regretfully, to her piano, which she finally opened.

And when M. de Fabelle came back from fishing, at the breakfast hour, he almost collapsed with surprise at finding his wife bending over a music sheet, singing and doing her best not to burst into sobs.

# THE WORLD'S GREATEST PLANT-HUNTER

*Ernest H. Wilson, Who Knows 40,000 Flowers and Shrubs, Is Now Searching the Ends of the Earth for New Varieties as Some Men Go After Gold*

By ARTHUR C. BROOKS

**S**HORTLY after Professor Wilson, plant explorer for the Arnold Arboretum, Boston, had discovered his famous Incandescent Lily in the hinterland of Thibet, a loosened boulder bounded down the hillside and broke his leg. His band of coolie porters carried him a painful three miles to a missionary hospital, where the adventurer perforce languished an anxious sixteen weeks before he could hobble back to his precious find.

He collected ten thousand bulbs from acres of beautiful blooms and shipped them by man, mule and steamer to America. Now they grow as readily in this country as in China. The lily, a lovely flower of white, crimson and yellow, with a delightful perfume, was awarded a gold medal as the finest new plant introduced to cultivation.

**ERNEST H. WILSON** is the Livingstone of horticulture. He is the most redoubtable, audacious and persevering plant-hunter the world has ever seen. There are no flowers or shrubs in civilization with which he is not acquainted. An estimate gives the number as 40,000. It is incumbent on him to be a sure-fire authority in this field lest he devote valuable time on species already located. No one else knows so many varieties of native and foreign flowers, shrubs and trees, and no other explorer has transported from their habitats the countless strange plants which this unusual man has to his permanent credit.

**T**HERE is no man outside of western China, for but one instance, who has a greater knowledge of that country. He has spent eleven years in the interior and brought back 1,400 specimens of exotic plant life, which he found in the course of his trip of two thousand miles to the extreme border. And he travels comparatively simply, with luggage, guns and a few coolies.

The vocation of plant-hunter is not so genteel as the name might suggest. It is a man's job, charged with red-blooded adventure. For example, the natives of Formosa are largely head-hunters, and as Mr. Wilson traveled throughout the

island, his experiences were many and dangerous.

**D**URING his expedition in Corea and Formosa, Mr. Wilson was retained by Japan to prepare an outline for forestry improvement in the first-named dependency. Later he was consulted by the British Government about reforestation of England and Scotland, and sent them ten thousand pounds of Japanese larch

seed. In Formosa he was the second man to climb the precipitous Mount Morrison, which is 600 feet higher than the notable Fujiyama.

Professor Wilson sponsors China, for it has furnished his foremost finds. He is equally enthusiastic over Corea, where there is a delicious climate and other natural attractions. It is occupied largely by the summer homes of mandarins. The natives, he says, excel in agriculture and porcelain-making. In his last trip to these islands he was courteously received by Japanese officials and accorded facilities for making extensive explorations in a number of places where whites had never been before.

**M**R. WILSON lately left on a voyage to the Southern Hemisphere which he anticipated will require two years. He will spend six weeks in England, and from there will travel to Australia, thence to New Zealand and Tasmania. His last stop will be India. The fruits of this journey will be mostly autobiographical. He will investigate rare pamphlets and other literature on horticulture and arboriculture which are hidden in botanic museums in Melbourne, Calcutta, Bombay, and other cities. Whatever flowers and plants he may be so fortunate as to come across must needs go to England, for our Federal Horticultural Board has enjoined virtually all such importations.

**I**NCIDENTALLY, this ruling is a damper to horticultural progress in this country, and has completely crippled activities in transplanting foreign plants and seeds into the Arboretum at Boston, which is the world's greatest museum of living trees and shrubs.

Were conditions favorable, Mr. Wilson might bring back from the East botanical discoveries which would thrive in New England or in California and the South, and which would prove extremely valuable to our scientists.

Professor Wilson is an Englishman. He received his early training at the renowned Gardens of Kew, and has devoted the major portion of his life to this incomparable career.



DARLING, SALEM

*Ernest H. Wilson, "the most redoubtable, audacious and persevering plant-hunter the world has ever seen."*

# AS WE WERE SAYING—

By Arthur H. Folwell

Nature Studies by W. E. Hill

**A**NIMALS, in the judgment of movie-makers, are almost as essential to a picture as the celluloid film itself. When a cat walked across the stage in the old days of the spoken drama, it was an accident.

Sometimes it broke up the show.

In these days of the screen, the cat's walk—or the dog's or the duck's—is an intentional part of the play. Likely enough, it is what makes the show a success.

Little pigs lapping from the trough, a brood of baby chicks and their mother, a close-up of a faithful collie—slipping these in among the kidnappings, elopements, dispossess proceedings and midnight murders gives the audience a chance to say, "How darling!" and to relax.

Strange that the master dramatist of Avon, who was wise to most stage tricks, never thought of this one. Had the Bard understood the importance of animals



"I want each little rose to be as pretty as I am."

Windsor," while a file of guinea hens, marching sedately, might have given agreeable relief to the stabbing scene in "Julius Caesar," or to the terribly sobby finish of "Romeo and Juliet." These suggestions are necessarily sketchy. But there may be something in them which live Shakespearian interpreters may deem worthy of consideration.

\* \* \*

**O**SCAR, maitre d'hôtel of the Waldorf (a New York hotel well known to out-of-towners), has signed up for ten more years at \$50,000 a year. Few are aware, and fewer still care, what Oscar's last name is. With head-waiters as with kings, last names are superfluous. There is another Oscar, it seems to us, somewhere over in Sweden, but kings aren't being signed up as a rule to long-term contracts these days. They are working by the week, and almost any pay-day one is liable to get the blue slip in his envelope.

\* \* \*

*This little difficulty over Pershing's army job is aggravating, but natural. True, he is a full-fledged general—the first the army has had since Sherman—and as such he merits consideration. Again, the elevation in rank came properly to him as a result of certain not unimportant work which he did in Europe some years ago, in a war, we think it was, somewhere in France. A Republican administration, however, can scarcely overlook the fact that Pershing was sent overseas by "the discredited" Woodrow Wilson. Recognizing his present right to the general's job and the corresponding authority might be taken as an admission that Wilson did something in the conduct of the war that wasn't wrong. Pershing is probably all right, but Normalcy can't be too careful.*



"While fooling with a Great Dane pup."

there could be no debate on the question. Do people still care for Shakespeare? People would go miles, and stand two hours on a line, if their reward was to be Hamlet delivering his soliloquy while fooling with a Great Dane pup. And see the missed chance for animal light comedy in "Macbeth"; in that tense second act where Macbeth asks, "Didst thou not hear a noise?" and Lady M. replies, "I heard the owls scream and the crickets cry." That would have been just the place to introduce the castle cat. Macbeth says, "Ha, ha! It was only Doodles," and goes on to describe the murder of Duncan.

A sextet of kittens in the clothes hamper where Falstaff hides would have done much for the "Merry Wives of

**O**NCE there was a little stenographer. Every morning before breakfast she would go out in her garden and walk among the flower-beds. One day, when the roses were opening, she gave a little scream.

"Oh, the poor things!" she cried, and straightway ran back into the house.

When she re-appeared she was carrying a box of face-powder and a puff, and soon under her deft touch the face-powder lay thick upon the soft, glowing petals. Then she rubbed it in, expertly merging white with red.

"I want each little rose to be as pretty as I am," she explained.

Mother Nature, you see, knows only old stuff.



"Two very small pads would absorb the shock."

**Y**OUR business man, usually alive to opportunity, sometimes misses one. Take the matter of rubber heels. Hardly anyone can plead ignorance of the fact that leather heels "cause jar," while rubber heels "absorb the shock" and "conserve nervous energy." That's conceded. But why halt with heels? Are nerves jarred in no other way? Many and many a man gets up and sits down again, fifty times daily, on a hard office chair. Is this not harmful to his spinal column, to vital nerve-centers? Of course. Then why not rubber seats for trousers? Then there is the matter of resting one's elbows on table, or lunch-counter, while eating. Inexcusable habit, but millions do it. Two very small pads would absorb the shock, and by contributing to comfort at mealtime, aid digestion. For emergency nightwear, live rubber shins would cheat the demon rocking-chair of its victim. And back again to daylight, what a sale there would be for rubber shoulder-blades, to be slipped into place when a safe is being lowered so the wearer may lean against a neighboring building and look upward without fatigue!



# PROFESSOR EINSTEIN'S THEORY OF RELATIVITY

*A Simple Exposition of a Complex Theory That Is Revolutionizing Scientific Thought*

By HEReward CARRINGTON, Ph. D.

Illustrated with sketches of Dr. Einstein, made from life especially for LESLIE'S WEEKLY by JOSEPH CUMMINGS CHASE



Now and then during his lectures the great scientific resorts to the blackboard.

*Albert Einstein.*

**I**F you are cutting up an apple-pie, and distributing it among a lot of hungry youngsters, they will soon tell you if one piece is bigger than another.

"Aw! He got a bigger piece than I did!" you will hear.

Compared with his own piece, is it larger, but compared with another piece, it might be smaller. What the boy means is this: "Relative to my piece of pie, his is larger."

But it is also true that, relative to the rest of the pie, the "larger" piece is "small." There is no fixed standard by which we can judge the size of pieces of pie, except relatively to the size of other pieces. There is no "absolutely" large or "absolutely" small. Our idea of size thus depends upon its relation to other sizes—that is, its *relativity*.

Similarly, in motion, a man may be walking "fast," but it is "slow" to the rate of an express train; and the speed of the train is slow compared with the velocity of a cannon-ball. The speed of the projectile, again, is "slow" compared with the velocity of light. Speed is therefore *relative*.

Now, one of the fundamental postulates of the Einstein theory is this: That all motions, or bodies in motion, are relative in their movements to all other bodies, which are also moving through space.

Everything in the Universe is moving! Nothing in the World or without it is stationary. The Planet on which we dwell is revolving on its axis, and the Earth itself is revolving round the Sun, and our whole Solar System is moving through space. So there is nowhere in space any point of "stationariness" from which we can observe other movements.

Since our own point of observation is also moving, when we observe another motion of any kind, we really are observ-

ing that motion in relation to our own—its *relative* motion. All motion is therefore relative motion; and the speed of moving bodies is relative to the speed of other moving bodies.

Einstein has further shown that Time, on two moving bodies, must also be different; a second on one moving body is not precisely the same as a second on another body moving at a different rate. It may

hence the "fourth dimension" in any specific movement is *Time*.

One of the most startling conclusions arrived at by Professor Einstein is this: That a body shortens a fraction of its length when in motion, in the direction of its motion. That is, a foot would be less than a foot if traveling with enormous velocity in the direction of its "foot measurement."

The shape or mass of bodies, therefore, changes according to their velocity. If a cannon-ball were traveling fast enough, it would become slightly flattened out in the direction of its motion. At enormous speeds, great changes would take place.

Another curious feature of the Einstein theory is that involving "Curved Space." Einstein predicted that light was a substantial thing, like matter, and as such subject to the "pull" of gravitation. He found that light-rays passing close to the sun were actually deflected by the influence of the latter, i.e., pulled inwards.

Hence, Einstein has stated that light, instead of traveling in absolutely straight lines, is slightly bent in its passage through space; and if it is bent, it will ultimately form a curve and return to its starting-point. In this way we form a conception of "curved space," and a finite, limited Universe, which is nevertheless infinite in extent!



Answering questions. His American auditors had many thousands to ask.

appear to be the same length of time, because everything is proportionate; but it is relatively different. This is a fact which may be demonstrated quite easily by students of higher mathematics. Both space and time are thus shown to be relative, not fixed, absolute standards, which are everywhere the same, regardless of the speed of the moving body.

Further, space and time do not exist as distinct Things; they are part and parcel of the same thing. Every event occurs either Here or There; Right or Left; Up or Down; Forward or Backward; or Now or Then. Movements must take place in space; they also occupy time. Time is a factor in their movement—a fourth factor;



Driving home a disputed point.



# THE LIGHTER SIDE

*Pictures That Made the Camera-Man Smile*



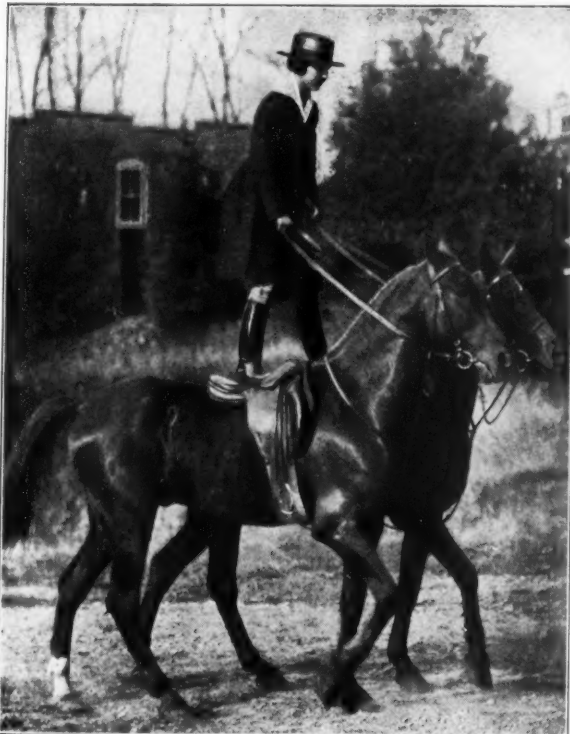
UNDERWOOD

George Washington Tecumseh Sherman Simpson, of Catalina Island, California, performs a little parlor trick, for which he is famous. If any one has a larger mouth than George, let him step forward! Perhaps—who knows?—if he practices diligently and goes into strict training, George may some day succeed in en-  
toothling a football.



UNDERWOOD

A new arrival from India reaches Boston and undergoes a most har-  
rowing experience. Apparently, if one may judge from his expression,  
at this particular moment he is exceedingly dubious concerning the  
future. He and a number of his pals were recently imported into  
this country to add to the "joie de vivre" of the nation's youngsters.  
Unfortunately gang-planks are built for human beings, not elephants,  
and when one of the giants of the jungle arrives there is frequently only one  
way to reach terra firma—the block and tackle method illustrated above.



UNDERWOOD

The latest form of sport at Wellesley. At present it has but one follower—  
Miss Helen Chaffee, of Pittsfield, Mass., who is here depicted in action.



KEYSTONE

The fetters of civilization penetrate the wilds of "Darkest Africa." In  
this case it is the sewing-machine that is acting as advance agent.

## A SPECIMEN OF THE PROPAGANDA WITH WHICH



## "The People's Tribunal"

## Суд Народа

Says Arthur Ruhl, who supplies this interesting document to LESLIE'S: This is a Bolshhevik poster, torn from a wall in Vilna (Lithuania) the day the Lithuanians came into the town, and before the Bolshheviks had quite left. It represents the noble Bolos sweeping out the types of the old régime. The captions attached to the adjacent groups, beginning at the upper right-hand corner, and following the procession toward the left, are as follows: (1) (extreme right) "Hurrah for the Soviets!" and the "resistless power of the Workers and Peasants"; (2) "Socialist Preachers

—Bourgeois Robbers, Bootlickers, Crawlers, Liars and Deceivers"; (3) Group representing Turkey, Italy, Germany, Spain, and England, and labeled "European Tsars, and Imperial Left-Overts—Revenge to the Last"; (4) "Capitalists, Profiteers, Vampires, Bloodsuckers, and Stranglers of Peace—times—for you no quarter!"; (5) "Our Homemade Profiteers—People who Live for their Stomachs—Yardstick Measurers and Grasping 'Fists'" (the word "fist" in Russia means a grasping, miserly person); (6) "Idlers and Parasites of the Nobility" (the sheet of paper held by

# IN WHICH THE BOLSHEVIKS "GAS" THEIR VICTIMS



ceivers"; (3) England, and to the Last"; Strangers of Profiteers—and Grasping uly person); aper held by one of the group is a pawn ticket); (7) Pureskevitch, a sort of "jester" in the old Russia Duma; (8) Denikin and Kolchak (there is a satiric comment to the effect that the Bolsheviks have "given rest to these restless" gentlemen); (9) The Jap-like figure with the laurel wreath apparently refers to Kerensky; (10) The little old woman in black, just visible, is "Babushka," spoken of here as the amiable grandmother who always says "Yes" (a reference probably to her compromise with the less radical elements); (11) The Tsar Nicholas; (12) Miliukov, Rodzianko, and Gutchkov, referred to here as "Devilish Gramophones," narrow as the Dardanelles Straits, Tsar's Platelickers and Spitters at the People"; (13) The figures in lower right-hand corner are priests—a Mulla, a Rabbi and apparently a Catholic Priest. The larger figure wearing a censor is a Russian Priest, the figure to his right is a "Tsarist General"; (14) "Rasputin the All Powerful"; (15) Tsaristic Ministers; (16) Policemen. The fish, a herring, is a symbol of petty graft. They are sarcastically referred to as "gay dogs."





UNDERWOOD

## HUNTING A JOB

*What the Superintendent of an Employment Agency Thinks of the Army That Passes Him in Review*

By T. C. HART

I HAVE seen skilled mechanics take positions as packers in mail-order houses, an office manager making good at driving a delivery wagon, and an interpreter, fluent in seven languages, rustling barrels on a salt dock. These are the kind of fellows who help make up the first of three distinct classes in the Army of the Unemployed.

This army, in its daily round in search of work, passes in a sort of a continuous review before the employment superintendents of a city's various stores, factories, shops and employment agencies. As the superintendent of the employment agency of an employers' association, I watched the stream of the Army of the Unemployed for several years.

I came in contact with about every sort of person there is. Hundreds looking for work passed through our office daily; and other hundreds, of employers, came to us for help of various kinds during the year. It was a place that gave one a chance to study human nature in the raw, down to the quick, where all else was laid aside for the first object of existence—a job with which to get the wherewithal of life.

WHEN the doors opened in the morning there was always a throng waiting for admission. On a wall of the outer waiting-room was a large blackboard on which were posted the various positions open. As soon as a man was accepted for a certain job, we crossed that position off.

There was a daily rush of men through the door to be the first to see what positions were posted, then to get in line for first chance at the jobs they wanted. But it was when these applicants got into the inner office where they had to answer the questions asked on our application blanks that the real unmasking of human nature took place.

One of the first observations borne upon me was that, contrary to the expressed belief of many, the average job-hunter is not looking for something for nothing—and when he actually does get something for nothing, he is distrustful of it and not nearly as appreciative as if he had paid for it.

To illustrate: Our bureau was maintained by several employers associated for the purpose, and was merely one of many such branches of this Association of Employers. The expense of its maintenance was met from general funds of the Association. We made no charge to the applicant for a position, and no direct charge to the employer for getting him a man. The employer's contribution to the Association covered all the benefits he received from our office.

The idea of getting a job for nothing was a new one to most of those who came to us looking for work. They had been used to paying a fee to the employment agency, and for a long time they were suspicious of us; they couldn't quite believe it possible to get a job without paying. They thought a joker must be concealed in the proposition somewhere, that sooner or later they would have to pay.

While they were finding out that they could actually get positions from us for nothing they went through many amusing, and some pathetic, performances. I have seen a stationary engineer pay \$25.00 for a job while refusing one through our office that would have paid him \$20.00 more a month. I have seen a man turn down a position offered at our office, then be sent by a pay agency to the same position, and cheerfully give his first week's wages to the agency for its services. Again, I have known men, placed by our office, to quit soon for some trivial reason, then go and pay good-sized fees to other agencies for less desirable jobs.

WHY do they do such things? It is beyond me, unless getting the job for nothing belittles it in their eyes, and they believe a thing they do not have to pay for is not worth having. The more they have to pay for a thing the better some persons think it must be; and they will take the counterfeit at a big price rather than the real at a more reasonable one, or—as in the case of positions from our office—something genuine but absolutely free.

The various job-hunters who applied to us for positions could, I think, be divided into three general classes. The

first is the hard-working, conscientious group, honestly looking for work, and needing it, who are willing to take a job at anything they are able to do, in order to keep themselves and their families in comfortable circumstances.

The second class consists of those looking for work, which must be of a particular kind, such as they are especially well fitted for; also, it must pay a certain amount that they think is indispensable for the maintenance of their dignity and position in society.

THE third class, and one would be surprised at the vast army it embraces, has been aptly described by a former State labor superintendent as "the great army of unemployed who are continually looking for work—and praying they won't find it."

The first class, composed of those who want work, need work and are serious in hunting it, is the one that furnishes the vast majority of substantial and conscientious workers in all branches of industry. It embraces all manner of persons in all walks of life. In it are found the day laborer, who is looking for the best job he can get at the best wages possible, where an honest day's effort will be rewarded by an honest day's pay. In it, also, are the skilled mechanic, the office worker, the executive seeking a chance for advancement, and every other conscientious worker who really wants to work.

One thing which distinguishes members of this class is the honesty with which they meet any questions concerning their ability, past record, etc. They do all they can to help the employment offices establish their worthiness for the position they ask. Reference investigation of this class is an easy matter. They answer questions fully and fairly. When references are looked up they will be found good, and the various statements made by the applicants true. They make no attempt to "put one over," or misrepresent the facts of their past experience and record.

This is the easiest class to place in positions. If times are such that what they want is not available, they will take

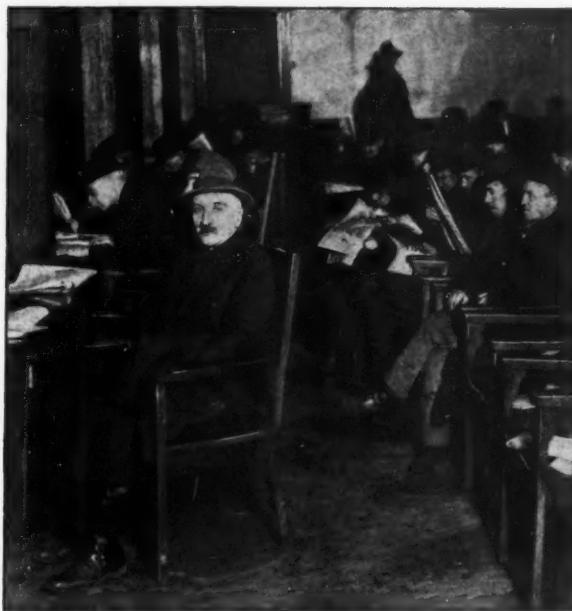


what they can get. They are not content to stay idle merely because there is nothing for them in their chosen field. They will take the best thing available until such time as they can get back into a more desirable line of work.

This class seldom is found applying to charitable institutions for aid. They are their own aids—they take what is to be had, and keep going; whereas others, often more skilled in particular lines, have to seek aid from established charities in times of stress. I have placed thousands of this class in positions which were not what they wanted, but were available when better openings were not; and they make good in strange places because of an honest desire to have something to keep their ship off the rocks.

This spirit of willingness to do whatever offers is a wonderful one to possess in trying times. Individuals who display it are the backbone of our industrial life, and of our civilization. I have seen bookkeepers acting as porters in department stores, and I have bought books from an expert tool- and die-maker who was filling in as a Christmas clerk at a book counter. These, and a host of other instances, have proved to me that the man who adapts himself to changing conditions is the one who gets along in the world, who makes good. I have observed that persons of the class just mentioned all make good upon returning to their old jobs after industrial conditions change and opportunities are opened to them.

The second class, comprising those seriously looking for work of a particular kind, and at a certain wage, is much



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*Patently waiting in an employment agency for "the first object of existence—a job with which to get the wherewithal of life."*

harder to place satisfactorily. Like the first class, this one embraces men and women in all walks of life, but unlike the first, they are set on doing one sort of work and that only. If skilled mechanics, they are interested in nothing out of their chosen line. If experienced office men or executives, that is the one kind of work that will attract them. If teamsters, they are teamsters only. They would go hungry and ragged rather than take another kind of a job.

USUALLY they are efficient enough in their line, but out of that they seem lost. They can not or will not do anything but what they always have done, and always want to do. They are the travelers in a groove, who, as the

saying is, have a "one-track mind." As long as the industrial world is settled, and the need is not urgent for them to do other work than that to which they are accustomed, they get along well enough. But let an industrial upheaval come, sweeping them out of their grooves, and they are lost.

I have seen members of this class, out of work for months at a time, use up all their savings, and suffer actual want, rather than tackle any job other than the kind they had always worked at. I have offered big, husky fellows, used to office work, positions as truckers in a wholesale house at wages as good as they ever got in an office; and they have turned up their noses and walked out as if insulted.

Of course, it would have been tough on them for a few days—until they got used to it. They were physically able to handle the job, yet lacked something.

And right after they have walked out insulted, little fellows, used to some entirely different job, have begged for a chance at trucking. Many of those little fellows made good, too, because they had the spirit and determination to win, even though they were physically inferior.

Why men will walk the streets for months, get in debt, and allow their families to be in want, rather than take anything at hand is puzzling. There are thousands of them, however—a fact that any employment agent can confirm. Among them are the citizens, dubbed by their neighbors, "tissue paper aristocrats"—who put on a big front and make an impressive bluff.

This class seems to be wholly lost if out of familiar environment. They lack



*"It was a place that gave one a chance to study human nature in the raw, down to the quick."*

adaptability, and, what is worse, make no effort to correct the fault. So, in times of industrial stress, they compose a great host of the applicants for charity.

The third class who look for work, but pray they won't find it, is the bane of the employment agent's life. It would be enlightening if these chronic job-hunters were rounded up and put through mental tests at a psychopathic hospital. I venture such a test would reveal some surprising facts as to their mental development, and, I think, would uncover a considerable number of morons who should be cared for as such and prevented from becoming a prey of agitators and a menace to society.

OF one thing I am certain—many who are looking for work and hoping they won't find it are not mentally sound.

This type goes through all the motions of applying for a position; and many of them seemingly will be as honest as any one about wanting work. Yet when directed to it they fail to show up. I have seen some of them accept a card of introduction to a firm wanting help, then tear up the card upon reaching the street. The next morning they have come back to the office with the explanation that the job had been filled; and have asked to be sent to another place.

In applying for positions such triflers invariably lie in answering questions on the application blank. Frequently they name some firm as a former employer that proves on investigation never to have heard of them. Again, if they do give the real name of an employer, they will lie about the length of time they worked for him. They have no compunction about claiming a connection of several years' duration when in reality the term of employment was only two weeks.

When members of this class are placed in positions they usually stay but a short time, and give unsatisfactory and unreliable service at best.

It is a mystery how such people exist. The same faces appear at the employment desk week after week, month after month, and year after year. Somehow, in the meantime, they must manage to live. I have no doubt that many pool-room hangers-on, hold-up men, pick-pockets, and other criminals are recruited from this army of perpetual job-seekers who refuse to work, even when a job is thrust upon them.

THESE "won't works" go to strange ends in their would-be job-hunting. One man, in particular, I remember, who would come in several times a day when loafing. When placed in a job he couldn't or wouldn't hold it longer than a few days. Finally, coming to the conclusion that he was mentally weak I asked him to stay away from the office. A few days later a lawyer whom I knew, a member of the State legislature, called me up to ask if I could not find a job for a deserving man, one of his constituents. What was my surprise when in walked this fellow I had asked to stay away. He presented a note from the lawyer-politician as serenely as if we had never met before. Needless to say, I did not place him. It was impossible.

Aside from these three general classes of humanity which pass through the employment agency, there are also the chronic down-and-outers, and the physically unfit. These groups present a problem to the employment agent and to society.

The down-and-outers are such from a variety of causes. Drink, family troubles, temporary reverses from which the victim did not have the courage and endurance to come back, and many other



KEYSTONE

"There are also the chronic down-and-outers, and the physically unfit."

causes, all contribute recruits to the army of "has-beens" common in every large city.

THEY are a motley crowd. Mingling together in the cheap lodging-houses, or "flops," of the city, or in the parks, we find ex-bankers and business men of all descriptions, former college professors and students, ex-professional men, expugilists, ex-crooks. Sooner or later the employment agent meets them all.

He comes in contact with them in rounding up a bunch of men for a railroad construction gang, or for work in the ice camps; and many are the secrets and the tragedies which they entrust to his ears. The semi-submerged world which harbors the down-and-outer holds from the public gaze many a heartache, many a wrecked romance.

The problem presented by the physically unfit is a real one for industry and for society. What can we do with the partially disabled to make them self-supporting? The question is being answered since the war, as far as disabled soldiers are concerned, by vocational training. Vocational training also is finding a place in hospitals and other public institutions for the unfortunate. It does a great work, and should be developed and extended to include the industrially disabled as well as those disabled in war.

If a physical misfit can be made into a productive agent of any kind his own self-respect is increased and the burden on others is lightened. He becomes a useful

member of society, contributing something to the general good. The need for agencies to help solve the problem of the physically unfit can be attested by any employment agent who has dealt with these unfortunates.

IT would not be right for an employment agent to tell only of the job-hunting side of humanity as it is spread out before him. Besides the job-hunters, there are the employers of labor—and a host of different kinds.

There is the one who treats his men as human beings, and who does all he can to help better their condition. Be it said to the credit of employers generally, this class is much more prevalent than was the case a few years ago.

Then, there is the man who drives his workers to the limit while keeping wages as low as possible. Workers who hire to the first class of employers are of the sort that sticks for a long time. Workers for the second class are constantly changing, and never satisfied. Such an employer wonders at the increasing unrest in the industrial world. If he would look back over his own treatment of the men who were on his payroll in bygone years, then multiply that by the number of employers of his kind, he might find one of the underlying reasons for the industrial unrest he deplores.

Some employers will give a departing worker an excellent reference to take with him, then will turn about and knock the man to another employer inquiring about him. Needless to say, such a person finds himself "in bad" with both workers and employers.

The employment agent has ample opportunity to learn what the working people think of various employers. Also, he may know the methods used by different employers in dealing with their men. And, from many years' experience as a go-between, I have formed the opinion that the thing most necessary to industrial peace is a system of square dealing and a frank understanding between employer and employee.

The employer must know conditions under which employees live to properly understand the worker and his point of view. And an employee should have some knowledge of the trials of business to appreciate the attitude of the man who pays his wages.

The need is for a "cards-on-the-table" policy by all concerned—a real "show-down," not a make-believe arrangement, with each side trying to keep an ace up its sleeve. Industry needs a better feeling between its factions—more of the helping-hand-on-the-shoulder, man-to-man stuff. When we get away from slugging crews—both sides have them—and get down to treating one another like fellow human beings working together with a common end in view the industrial unrest will fade away.

An honest day's work for an honest day's pay, fair return to capital for invested money, and a more human attitude of good fellowship between factions—that, to an employment agent, who has spent many years in the "no man's land" between employee and employer, seems to be the ground-work upon which can be built a real industrial peace.

## SIDEBURNS AND "PROSHE PANA!"

A Warsaw Letter from  
ARTHUR RUHL

**W**E strangers sometimes speak of Warsaw as the town of sideburns and "Proshe Pana." So many of the young Polish bloods, especially officers, wear their hair in a style that goes back to Napoleonic days and Prince Poniatowski that it becomes almost a national habit. The interjection "Proshe Pana—if you please, Sir!" is heard so constantly on the lips of this punctilious people, it stands out so from the blur of unfamiliar speech—in which such combinations as "*Wyscie*" (exit) are of the simplest—that it, too, seems a sort of national catchword.

"Pan," which has its feminine forms and various inflections, is the Polish word for "gentleman" or "sir," like the French "*monsieur*." The Bolsheviks always speak of the "Polish Pans" in contrasting the supposedly aristocratic Polish army with their own. As actually used, "Proshe Pana!" means also "thank you" or "listen here," and it can be slipped in almost anywhere with good effect. The waiter uses it when he sets your order down or hands you the bill of fare, and you use it to the waiter or cabman (although I suppose this might not have been the case a century ago) and the harassed conductor in Warsaw's crammed and sagging street-cars keeps up a constant singsong of "Proshe Panas!" as, despairingly—a good many of these conductors are women—he essays the hopeless task of collecting all the fares.

**T**HERE is a good deal of the old-time picturesqueness of dress—tight-waisted overcoats that remind one of Cossacks, and fur-trimmed hussar jackets fastened across the chest with loops of braid, and officers nearly all wear the square-cornered "confederatka" cap, but to see Polish costumes at their blazing best, at least in town, one must go to the art gallery or to Moniusko's charming opera, "*Halka*," which can be heard frequently in Warsaw, and is not often sung anywhere else.

**M**ANNERS among the educated are made much of. Everybody is polite, however indifferent to time; there is much saluting and clicking of spurs, and quite as much handshaking as in Russia. You shake hands coming and going if you meet a man for but a moment—a lady's hand is kissed, of course, by the Poles—and in general, the rule is to shake hands whenever and wherever there is a chance.



UNDERWOOD  
"Nearly half the people of Warsaw are Jews."

**W**ARSAW is a huge rambling town with a good many reminders of Russia. Most of its buildings are low and externally rather unpretentious, and the city spreads all over the place without any particular plan. There are a handsome park and boulevards, and business streets as modern almost as Detroit, and others equally important—the Nowy Swiat (New World) street, for instance—that remind one of an overgrown village. And everywhere there are cafés. These "*cukiernas*," or pastry-shop coffee-houses, are characteristic of Polish towns and always crowded in the afternoons and evenings.

Then there is the "old town," with houses that go back to the Middle Ages, queer passages and courts that go down and down, story after story, and then land you, instead of in a sub-cellar, as you might expect, at windows still high in air and looking out on an unexpected and still lower street. In one of the squares of the "old town" is an ancient wine-shop, which all strangers sooner or later visit to sample ancient Hungarian wines and honey-mead, or "*Myod*." It suggests Madeira, with an after taste of honey, and is very smooth. Harmless seeming, too, but said to go to the feet rather than the head, so that after innocently sipping for an hour or two, the stranger is supposed to find that, although mentally clear, he can not navigate. It did not so affect us, but possibly we did not stay long enough.

Most people live in big apartment-houses, and in between these, low shops and government buildings, are the occasional "palaces" or town-houses of the

great Polish families, now used for the most part as Legations or the headquarters of Foreign Missions. Such a town-house is that of Count Zamoyski, Polish Minister at Paris, now used by the American Legation. The Zamoyski family is said to own some 400,000 acres of land. The house runs round three sides of a cobbled-stone court, separated from the street by a high iron fence. It is full of paintings and fine old furniture, and behind it is a garden with walks and trees, as big as half a city block.

**Y**OU can leave such a cloistered island and in a few steps be in the heart of the Ghetto, where all the signs are in Hebrew and nothing is heard but Yiddish, and every face shows the desperate struggle for existence. Nearly half the people of Warsaw are Jews, and in the streets surrounding the market there is almost no one else. In the market itself you will find no fresh-faced peasants, bringing an air of the country into the city along with their butter and cheese. Selling is all in the hands of Jews—most of them dirty, many of the smaller vendors clothed in rags, the very patching together of which shows an ingenuity and patience with which, it almost seems, new cloth might have been spun and woven.

Here, as elsewhere in Poland, the Jews are the middlemen, money-lenders and small salesmen, rarely producing the original thing, but somehow or other getting hold of it and passing it along and taking their commission—if it be but a

(Concluded on page 526)





## AROUND THE WORLD

*News Events at Home  
and Abroad Told in  
Pictures for LESLIE'S  
Readers*

© KEYSTONE

### KEEP HOME FIRES BURNING

One of many English families busy sawing and cutting up wood for household fuel when the recent miners' strike threatened them with a coal shortage. It is seldom that wood is burned across the Atlantic.



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

### VILLAIN STILL PUR- SUES HER

With the heroine hanging to his bicycle Harry Piel, the Boug Fairbanks of German filmdom, rides over housetops on a tightwire, in a thrilling movie-picture rescue.

INTERNATIONAL PHOTO

### OLD WINTER FOOLED 'EM

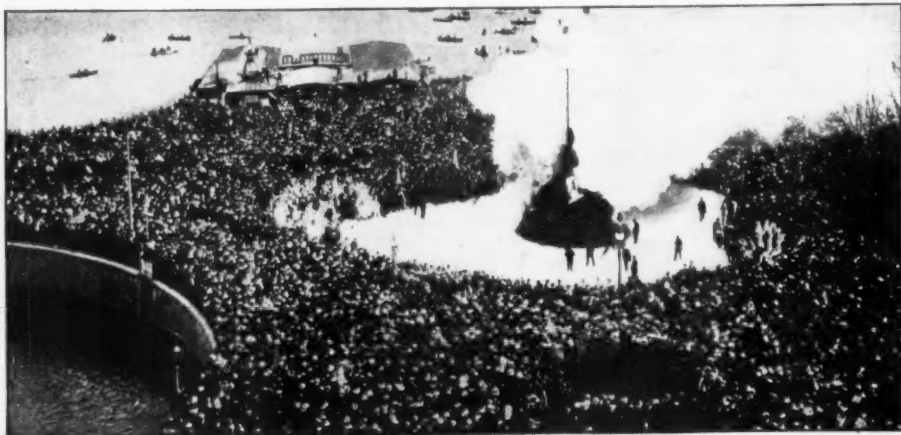
This bird's-eye view shows Zurich folk in Switzerland at their quaint annual spring festival, cremating an effigy typifying Winter. This year a heavy snow followed the ceremony.



UND. BWOOD & UNDERWOOD

### NO TRAFFIC COPS BOTHERED THIS SPEEDER

A snapshot of Gar II, Jr., the fleet 50-foot, 900-horsepower motorboat, owned by Garfield A. Wood, Jr., of Detroit, which recently raced a limited train from Miami to New York.



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UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

## NEW FAST-MOVING ARTILLERY FOR UNCLE SAM

This latest piece of mobile ordnance weighs six and a half tons and carries the new American "75" rifle. It recently traveled from New York to Washington in seventeen hours.



WIDE WORLD PHOTO

## A MOVING FORT FOR COPS

Chicago police devise a bullet-proof shield for fighting bandits. It is eight feet high and has revolver and rifle holes arranged for firing at entrapped desperadoes.



© ADACHI

## JAPS LEARN SKI-FIGHTING

A snapshot from the Far East showing how Nipponese soldiers are trained for mountain warfare in frigid climates, as well as in the tropics. The Mikado's army is busy today.

## Sideburns and "Proshe Pana!"

*Concluded from page 523*  
goose or a few eggs—on the way. In the villages, practically all shops are run by Jews. Behind a little heap of apples, a woman in a brown wig croaks in an unending chant that is like the metallic clicking of a metronome or the rapid sing-song of an auctioneer: "Voshem-dobry—voshem-dobry—voshem-dobry . . . voshem—voshem—voshem . . . which is to inform the world that apples are eight (vocem) marks and that they are dobri (good).

There are few smiles here and less laughter. Business is business and time is money, and every second counts—until Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath comes, and then the market is suddenly quiet and only a few of the irreligious are left in the big halls with remnants of green stuff and fish.

GEESE are everywhere in the market. The janitor often has his little pen of geese in the courtyard of even rather pretentious apartments, and one of the quaint sights of Warsaw streets is flocks of these droll creatures being driven slowly along in the hurrying traffic. At the end of Nowy Swiat one day I saw trolley-car and automobiles waiting while several hundred geese were laboriously turned and shunted—for what purpose one knew not—into the courtyard entrance of a large apartment house. You see housewives returning from market with a big live goose under one arm, or lugging a basket from the ends of which the necks of a pair of these ingenious birds are lifted calmly to survey the world. The look of nobility and repose, of calm hauteur, with which they permit themselves to be borne along in the arms of those who are about to eat them could not be surpassed by the proudest of human beings, lolling back in their victorias

as they drive through Vanity Fair with a similar unconsciousness of the brevity of existence and the common human fate.

THERE are a good many direct reminders of Russia—cab-drivers with stuffed blue overcoats; the big Russian church in the center of the town, now turned into a Roman Catholic cathedral; the way that elegance and destitution jostle one another. In front of all the churches and at strategic points along the

touch and turn to find some wretched creature kissing one's sleeve.

Kissing a lady's hand when greeting her or saying good-bye is as universal here as throughout Eastern Europe, and the same gesture is commonly bestowed on their masters by servants and peasants. It carries with it no sense of abasement. In the market-place in Cracow, for instance, I saw a big young peasant-soldier suddenly grin, dart forward and kiss the hand of a little old gentleman—evidently a country squire—and then continue talking with him in the friendliest fashion in the world.

ON the individual brilliance of the race of Chopin and Paderewski, of Sienkiewicz and Mickiewicz, of Modjeska and Mme. Curie, it is not necessary to dwell. "They are the most talented people in Europe," says an American observer, himself married to a Polish lady, and a great friend of Poland, and adds, "and the most inefficient." The same writer quotes the remark that a "Polish gentleman is made up of tact, versatility, volubility, nobility and futility."

You can not spend many days in Russian Poland without finding many confirmations of such judgments, and yet one can not see much of Polish soldiers and peasants, nor take into consideration the persistence of the Polish sense of nationality in spite of the efforts of three powerful nations for more than a century to crush it, without feeling that this some-

times rather skyrockety people are possessed of vitality and stubbornness. And it must not be forgotten that the war broke down, if it did not destroy, many things here as elsewhere, and that those in the front of things in the new Poland are very often what we should call farmers, and what in Eastern Europe are rather loosely spoken of as "peasants."



© UNDERWOOD

"Warsaw is a huge, rambling town with a good many reminders of Russia. Most of its buildings are low and externally rather unpretentious, and they are spread all over the place, without any particular plan. There are a handsome park and boulevards, and business streets as modern almost as Detroit." This is Cracow Avenue.

main streets are beggars and cripples and the blind. And people give constantly, from a habit that is partly religious, like crossing one's self at the sight of a church, and partly due to a consciousness that there are no organized charities. Sometimes, in a café from the window of which one is watching the vivacious stream of passersby, one will feel a curious soft

## SUMMER SHOWER IN A CITY SQUARE

By MINNIE LEONA UPTON

How quick they flash—each shining spear!  
And good folk fly to shelter!  
A minute since, no cloud was near—  
And now there comes a "peller!"  
The pretty girls, with skip and hop,  
The business men, so loth to stop,  
The apple-woman and the "cop,"  
All crowding helter-skelter!

The big policeman, glance alert,  
Still keeps an eye on duty;  
The apple-woman shakes her skirt,  
And wipes her treasure frisky;  
The business men impatient try  
To read the riddle of the sky;  
The girls their drooping head-gear dry,  
And grieve o'er blemished beauty.

But see the horses' heads upflung,  
Their necks stretched out to greet it!  
Oh, many a drop finds eager tongue  
Or velvet nose to meet it!  
The dusty pigeons, cooing sweet,  
Pat round and round on rosy feet;  
The gipsy sparrows splash and tweet,  
And pray the sky'll repeat it!

And Mother Nature, calmly blind  
To millinery's wonder,  
Shredfully surveying humankind,  
Its bustle and its blunder,  
With rippling laugh (we call it rain!)  
Rejoices in her children's gain—  
Her dear, dumb children, whom in rain  
Aught from her heart would sunder!



## The Backbone of a Three-Plane Navy

(Continued from page 511)

It should be noted that in this *real* case of battle the aviator was forced to fly low due to clouds, he could not have gone above the enemy's ship to drop bombs; while flying low all the ships' broadside guns could fire on him and he was forced off to 3 miles (6000 yards); also, it was fortunate he had a seaplane so that when his gasoline pipe broke he could land on the water.

Admiral Jellicoe also had a seaplane-carrier, the *Campania*, with his main battleship fleet, but he sent her back to her base at 4.37 A.M., May 31, without giving the reason in the "Official Despatches." Doubtless he did so because he saw that the weather was not suitable for flying.

THE above record of facts shows clearly that, due to clouds, fog, and mist, there could have been no sinking of battleships by bombing in the Battle of Jutland. Beatty's seaplane had to fly at a height of 900 feet, due to clouds, Jellicoe sent his plane carrier back to port, while Von Scheer's Zeppelins could not even go up from May 23 to 30, could not find the battle on the 31st, and on the day after the battle could not keep the enemy's ships in sight after finding them, as gun-fire drove them away and into the mist. All this took place in *normal* North Sea weather.

On August 19, 1916, Von Scheer again planned a raid against Sunderland, using eight airships, among them three of a new and improved type, to scout. At 1.30 P.M. Zeppelin L-13 reported sighting a British force of thirty ships. At 2.30 P.M., L-13 again reported that this same force was still in sight. Von Scheer then turned off and headed for it, expecting to make contact by 4.30, but this is what happened:

"At 3.50 P. M., L-13 reported it had lost the enemy, being forced to turn aside to avoid thunderstorms and could not find the enemy again."

Von Scheer at 4.35 could not make contact with the enemy ships, and, as he had lost so much time by turning off, he had to abandon bombarding Sunderland, charge a second failure to his aircraft and return home.

Early in September he planned still another bombardment of Sunderland, but says: "Unfortunately unfavorable weather made scouting impossible." This refers to airship scouting.

In January, 1917, Von Scheer decided to station ten submarines to the southwest of the Dogger Bank, to advance with the fleet to the westward (on the south side of Dogger Bank) and use airships for scouting. He states, however, "Bad weather in January prevented, as the plan depended on airship scouting."

Notice the constant failure of aircraft on the European naval battlefield, "The North Sea."

VON SCHEER then writes: "Another plan was drawn up in which the weakness of airship scouting was not of such importance as to necessitate the abandonment of the enterprise on that account."

This was a plan to raid the British-Holland convoy traffic.

Von Scheer now makes this most interesting statement: "The remark in my orders to the effect that the enterprise was to be carried out even if air scouting were lacking gave rise to direct intervention on the part of the All Highest, who declared we were on no account to do without air scouting."

The German Emperor retained command of the fleet until September, 1918, which Von Tirpitz says "was the tragedy of our Naval Warfare." ("My Memoirs," Vol. II, p. 116.)

The stormy spring weather caused the collapse of this plan, as air scouting was out of the question. In this raid the German fleet was to remain on the

German side of the North Sea, so that even if the airships couldn't go up to watch for British battleships, the chance of being cut off from home by them would be small.

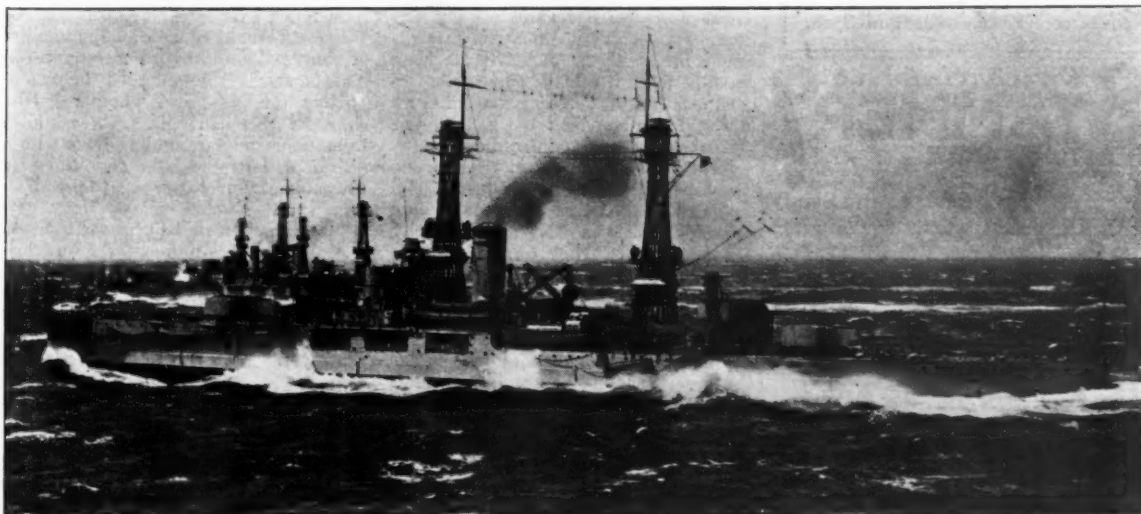
Von Scheer, the practical seaman, after months of effort, had seen plan after plan fail because he had relied upon aircraft, so naturally he decided to make plans which could be carried out without them. The visionary All Highest, however, gave him an arbitrary order to use aircraft. Von Scheer says that he protested against this handicap of being forced to use aircraft, but the Kaiser refused to relent.

SEAPLANES were used to advantage when the combined British and French fleet attempted to force the Dardanelles on March 18, 1915. However, "on March 19 bad weather set in and for some days seaplane reconnaissance was impossible." (See "The Times History of the War" (London) Vol. V, p. 366.)

It has been said that if a battleship costs forty-five million dollars and a bombing plane forty-five thousand dollars, then by eliminating one battleship we could build one thousand planes. However, if a battleship lasts sixteen years and a plane lasts two years, then we could only get one-eighth of the one thousand, or one hundred and twenty-five planes at a time, in order to have planes for sixteen years.

It has also been said that with these one thousand planes we could protect the whole Pacific Coast. However, enemy battleships are not coming within one hundred and fifty miles of the coast. Therefore, *IF* they can be destroyed by bombs, these one thousand planes are useless for this purpose. These planes might be used in the future to replace coast defense guns but not battleships.

The British battleships at Scapa Flow were five hundred miles from the German



U. S. NAVY OFFICIAL PHOTO

The battleship Nevada—the very epitome of fighting power—going full speed ahead.



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coast, out of range of planes, and they had control of the sea throughout the Great War. Surely America will not even consider giving up battleships in order to use the money to buy planes to be scattered from Seattle to San Diego and from Eastport to Galveston for defensive purposes! This would be a gross violation of strategy. Napoleon never scattered his forces to defend territory, but he concentrated them to attack the enemy. The adherence to this one great principle of strategy made him famous.

**I**N a battleship fleet we have a tremendous concentration of naval power. This fleet can attack the enemy thousands of miles from our coast in any part of the world.

If we have a battleship fleet at the much-needed naval base in the Hawaiian Islands, there will be no need of planes to protect the Pacific Coast. An enemy fleet from across the seas would not even threaten the Pacific Coast with our fleet at the Hawaiian Islands to cut it off from home.

In order to utilize planes in an attack on an enemy fleet across the seas it is clear that the one thousand planes must be taken with the fleet on plane-carriers. If we can put fifty planes on each carrier (no present carrier takes over twenty-eight) it will take twenty carriers for the one thousand planes. These twenty carriers at twenty-five million dollars each would cost five hundred million dollars. The cost of three battleships is about the same as five carriers, each equipped with fifty planes.

Aircraft, under these conditions, are not the inexpensive substitute pictured, and aircraft can never gain "command of the sea." Von Scheer found by sad experience that they were useful, "but only in fine weather."

**I**N explaining the British Navy estimates for 1919-1920, the First Lord of the Admiralty says this: "It is vital to this empire that it should not be carried away by hasty proposals into the belief that air power is already a substitute for sea power. That day may come, but it is not at present in sight: and in the meantime to give way to these false ideas would be to throw ourselves open to grave peril, and to leave ourselves without the means of exercising that influence in world affairs which the navy, as at present constituted, renders possible."

Field Marshal Haig, in referring to "tanks," "aircraft" and other useful auxiliary weapons, says (from Captain Craven's article in "Naval Institute," March 1921): "They cannot decide a campaign. Their true rôle is that of assisting the infantryman, which they have done in a most admirable manner. They cannot replace him. Only by the rifle and bayonet of the infantryman can the decisive victory be won."

Substitute "battleship" (the backbone of the navy) for "infantry" (the backbone of the army) and Marshal Haig's convincing statement applies equally well to the navy.

Submarines are too slow to cruise with the battle fleet. They must therefore lie in wait, either in front of the enemy's port

or at some point in his path. German Plan III, enclosed in the British "Official Despatches," shows Von Scheer's distribution of German submarines preparatory to the Battle of Jutland. These submarines were detailed to take stations along the British Coast from May 23 to June 1, off Scapa Flow, Moray Firth, Firth of Forth, the Humber, and off Terschelling Bank, for the purpose of observing and attacking the British ships as they went to sea.

There were seven submarines stationed off the Firth of Forth, yet Beatty came out with a fleet of four battleships, six battle cruisers, twelve light cruisers, twenty-nine destroyers and one sea-plane-carrier unharmed and nearly unseen. One of the seven submarines, U-32, reported seeing ships, and this one only saw two heavy cruisers, seventy miles off the Firth of Forth at 7.37 A.M., May 31. Another submarine, U-66, reported seeing eight British ships seventy miles off Moray Firth at 8.48 A.M.

**A**LTOGETHER the British brought over one hundred and forty ships out from the various ports which were closely guarded by German submarines. How? The ships sailed at midnight, no lights were visible, and they steamed at a high speed. The submarines could not see them.

Concerning this Von Scheer says: "The disposition of U-boats outside British ports on May 31 resulted in no success worth speaking of."

After the Battle of Jutland was over, one crippled British battleship, the *Marlborough*, while steaming slowly back to port, was sighted by one of these submarines, the U-46. Von Scheer writes: "She was, however, so well protected that it would have been impossible to get within firing distance of her. A torpedo was fired, but failed to reach the objective."

By "protected," he means that there was a screen of small ships around her to keep off submarines. This incident shows the submarine couldn't even get a crippled battleship after the battle was over.

The effectiveness of submarines has been much over-rated because early in the Great War they sank a large number of slow and unprotected merchantmen. As soon as the Allies adopted the plan of putting the big ships, whether battleships or merchant ships, in compact formations and surrounding them with a screen of destroyers, the seriousness of the submarine menace was at an end.

**A**T first when destroyers went out on the high seas to look for submarines it was like "hunting for a needle in a haystack," but now the hunting ended, and the submarine in order to attack a ship in fleet or convoy had to come to the destroyer. With a screen of destroyers armed with depth bombs British battleships were now able to leave and enter port and to steam up and down the North Sea at will.

Vice-Admiral Brine, in "Current History" for March, 1921, states: "With the exception of one isolated case, where Weddigen's U-boat was rammed and sunk by a British battleship, there are

no known instances of attack by submarines on a cruising battle fleet properly screened."

Early in the War, on September 22, 1914, the *U-9*, commanded by Otto Weddigen, sank three unscreened British cruisers, the *Cressy*, *Aboukir* and *Hogue*, in a very short time. In this case one ship was steaming slowly and the other two were stopped. Although Weddigen was a brilliant submarine commander, when later in the war—on March 18, 1917, he attempted to dive under a screen of destroyers and get the battleship *Neptune*, his submarine *U-29* was rammed by the battleship *Dreadnought* and went down with all hands.

In referring to this encounter, in his "Victory at Sea," Admiral Sims says: "It was clearly proved to the German Admiralty that it was useless to attempt to destroy the Grand Fleet with submarines."

**W**E are even told by one visionary submarine enthusiast that, due to submarines, battleships will have only one place to go and that will be down. However, in this practical test—the only one ever made—the submarine went down.

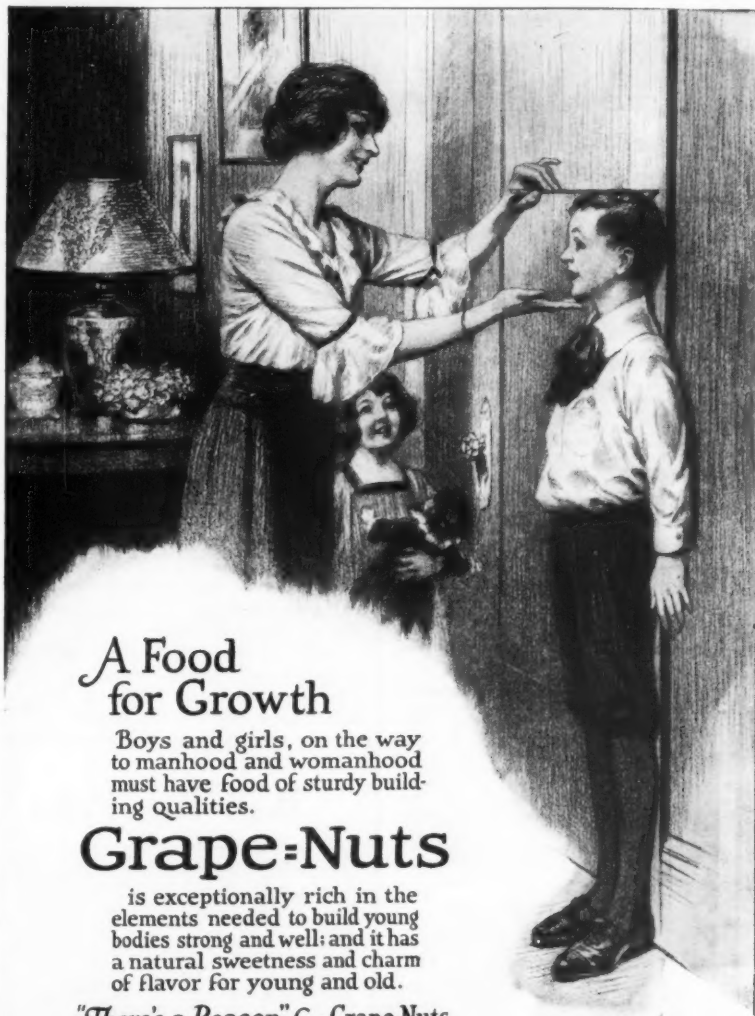
Are we going to be influenced in our Navy Building Program by statements contrary to fact and history? Think of the five Zeppelins hunting without success all the afternoon, May 31, 1916, for the Battle of Jutland, in which over three hundred ships were engaged in the North Sea in a terrific combat! Think of the British bringing over one hundred and forty ships *unharmd* out of ports guarded by German submarines, just prior to the Battle of Jutland!

If in doubt as to what kind of a Navy Building Program to follow, can we do better than to turn to Marshal Foch, who in his "Principles of War," says, in such cases, "What is the objective?"

Clearly our objective is to build a fleet fit to take the offensive and to attack an enemy either three thousand miles from our Atlantic Coast or an enemy five thousand miles from our Pacific Coast. We need a fleet fit to attack an enemy in the North Sea, day or night, regardless of the bad weather in winter, the storms in spring, the fogs in summer or the mists in the autumn. We have seen the repeated failure of aircraft in such weather. We need a fleet fit to attack an enemy in the China Sea regardless of the typhoons of summer (averaging twenty-one per season in the region of the Philippines), or winter monsoons, or the winter gales.

**C**OULD we start out from our Atlantic Coast on a three-thousand-mile cruise with a fleet of plane-carriers and submarines (no battleships) and hope to win? Suppose a fleet of plane-carriers had arrived in the North Sea May 23, 1916, when we *know* the clouds, fogs, and mists prevented aircraft from operating at all until June 1, and even then to no effect. What would have happened? Enemy fast cruisers and destroyers would have sunk all the carriers. Plane-carriers must be protected by battleships.

Aircraft and submarines, as well as battle cruisers, light cruisers and destroyers, are valuable and necessary auxil-



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aries to the battleship, if we are to have a well-balanced fleet.

When two big hostile fleets are approaching, but are still one hundred and fifty miles apart, the first clash will probably be between the opposing planes, if the weather is fine, and the advance scouts will try to sink the enemy plane carriers. Then the submarines, light cruisers and destroyers will clash; then the battle cruisers, and finally the battleships will settle it. In this event the winning battleships will then control the sea.

This view of the situation is clearly stated in the Senate Naval Committee's report of last February, as follows: "The rival forces of light craft, whether on or below the surface, or in the air, would neutralize each other, leaving the power which possessed the heavy ships, armed with great guns, in undisputed control of the sea."

**I**N the battle of Jutland the German battle cruisers and light cruisers rendered splendid service, while the destroyers actually saved the battleships from complete destruction. The submarines and aircraft failed utterly.

For four years the British battleships steamed thousands of miles up and down the North Sea during the Great War, but how many were sunk by airships and by submarines? **NONE.** Yet there are those

who deduce from history the remarkable conclusion that "battleships are obsolete."

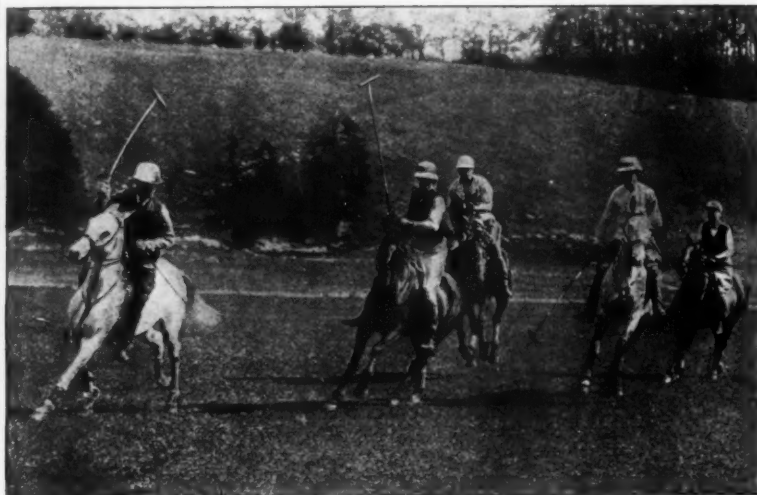
Many people have said "What good were the British battleships, as they did so little?" If the mere fact that they existed and were ready to fight forced the German surface fleet and merchant marine to withdraw from the high seas, wasn't that something? Von Tirpitz knew what good they were, for he says in his book "My Memoirs": "The British fleet fulfilled its *raison d'être* simply by lying quietly at Scapa Flow."

**T**HE Germans with their excellent aircraft and submarines could not gain control of the sea on account of the superior force of British battleships.

Grand Admiral Von Tirpitz had devoted his life to the building of the German fleet. Of all men he is doubtless the one best qualified to say whether or not he had selected the best type of ships. He must have felt deeply the failure of Germany to gain control of the sea, as well as the harsh criticism heaped upon him from all the world. In his "Memoirs" he says: "Of all the reproaches heaped upon me, one only has really affected me, that I did not build more battleships."

If the Germans had had more battleships in August, 1914, they might have obtained control of the sea and won the war. In the writer's opinion that was their **ONLY** chance.

## Will the Polo Cup Come Back?



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Candidates for the English team getting in shape for the great matches.

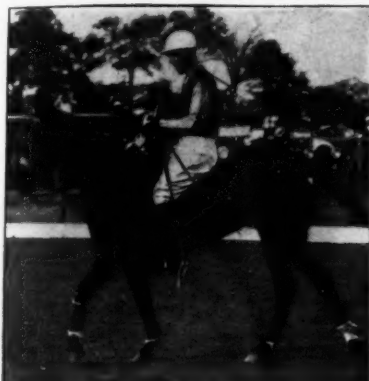
(Continued from page 506)

of a left-hander might be a factor confusing in the team-work of the Americans. As a matter of fact, it is likely to be more confusing to opponents than to team-mates. The Englishman who rides up to hook the mallet of Webb before he can hit the ball is apt to find all of a sudden that he has miscalculated the side on which to approach the player and that the whole breadth of a horse stands between him and the mallet which he would restrain.

It is also well to bear in mind that there must be a certain ambidexterity among all players. Milburn, although a right-

hander, is very fond of hitting the ball on the left-hand side of his pony with a great backhand sweep.

Although the American four has played together a great deal in practice it still remains to be seen if they have been able to develop team-play to as high a point as some of our great teams of the past, which played together year after year and had the advantage of common association in several international matches. Polo, like hockey and basketball, is a game which depends largely on passing. The strength of an attack lies in a team's ability to draw the opposition



© EDWIN LEVICK

EARL W. HOPPING.

over against some particular player just at the moment he is ready and able to pass the ball on to a team-mate who is not guarded.

Players shout to each other, of course, during the game, but with all the tumult of a big match some method of communication more effective than word of mouth is needed. Men who have played together a long time learn to anticipate just what a player will do with a ball. As soon as a team-mate raises his mallet to hit they know approximately what sort of a stroke it will be and where the ball is going, and they are off in that direction without waiting to see whether or not their opinions are justified. How much of this close instinctive team-work the Americans have developed remains to be seen.

**I**N the English team they will meet a veteran combination, for three of the men who wrested the cup from America in June, 1914, are now available.

It was a great team which won the cup that year. In the first game the American four were fairly swept off the field, while the Englishmen ran up a score of eight and a half to three. After that match no one conceded the Americans any chance whatever, but three days later the American four put up a marvelous battle in one of the greatest matches known to polo history, and held the invaders to a victory at four goals to two and three-quarters.

No one who saw that game is likely to forget it soon. It was the most exciting and the most picturesque athletic contest ever held in America, for there is no other sport in which the tide of the contest can shift so rapidly, no other sport so animated by swift movement. After trailing at the beginning of the sixth period with the score four to three-quarters in England's favor the American four rallied so spiritedly that for a time it had the lead, only to be beaten in the final period.

Milburn played one of the greatest games of his career in this match, scoring three of the American goals, and upon one occasion sweeping the whole length of the field for a goal, which he scored by three successive hits.

As I have pointed out, of that great English team, three players are again ready to play for the cup. Captain Cheape, perhaps the most dashing of the

(Concluded on page 534)

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**T**HE readjustment process has been so rapid and has now gone so far that it is possible to forecast its end at no very distant day. A few months more may see it substantially completed, for at the finish there is likely to be a rush by all factors in the race toward the tape of the normal. Business in general and all security prices should presently be stabilized, and the nation's pathway to restored prosperity should seem clearer and surer.

At this juncture there is open to discerning investors one of the chances of their lives—to the extent, of course, of their purchasing ability. As the tide of depression shows signs of soon ceasing to flow, the feeling of doubt as to the future of the sounder issues dealt in on the Exchanges may be laid aside. There is no longer apparent danger of a pronounced slump in the market. That peril seems to have passed away—barring great unforeseeable, cataclysmic happenings. Seemingly the trend of the market henceforth is to be, in the broad sense, upward. There may be many fluctuations, large and small, but these will be of comparatively minor importance. The resultant of all changes of price and of tone will eventually be a stronger position and a higher level of quotation.

All the now visible or imaginary adverse influences will necessarily be overcome in due order. Given a land so rich and so abounding in resources as ours, and possessing so many men of much industrial and commercial ability, it is inconceivable that all business difficulties will not be composed and that positive progress will not supplant existing stagnation. The German indemnity, with at least the indirect aid of our Government, will be settled; labor controversies will be smoothed out; railroads will obtain fair play and a living revenue; retailers will bring down their charges to a just profit on dewatered wholesale cost, and every other possible obstacle in the way of rehabilitation will be removed. Faith in this country and confidence in its future are bound again, as in our past history, to bring forth miracles of achievement by our generals of industry and finance.

The investor might well enter into the spirit of the leaders of business and finance and fear no longer to make such investments as he is able to carry. The buying of the best class of securities, especially on recessions, may be confidently undertaken. There is no human probability of final loss in such transactions and much assurance of eventual

profit. While shunning all issues of a merely speculative character, the buyer may unhesitatingly invest in bonds and stocks of the long-established, well-seasoned, dividend-paying organizations—whether railroad, industrial, or public utility. There is nothing in the situation which can justly excite apprehension as to the ultimate results of intelligent and discriminating purchase.

Thousands are already acting on this conviction. Great numbers of shares of the strongest corporations are being absorbed by the odd-lot buyers, a numerous host, and this alone in not a few instances will prove a brake to prevent the market from running wild down hill.

To emphasize the foregoing, it may be asserted that stocks and bonds of merit are at present so cheap that they may be safely picked up without dread of serious revulsion in value. Each decline hereafter will be a transient incident to be surely followed by recovery, and, later, advance. One need not be afraid to buy the good issues of any class without further delay.

**S., CASPER, WYO.:** The Nevada-California Electric Corp. was organized in 1914, has never paid dividends on common and none on preferred since October, 1918. This indicates weakness in its financial condition. I would prefer the bonds of an organization which is stronger financially.

**B., PORTLAND, OREGON:** Pure Oil is an issue of merit and is paying dividends. It will probably sell higher in the future. Cuba Cane Sugar common and Hay Consolidated Copper are paying no dividends and have not so bright an outlook, but should in time be worth more than at present.

**B., LOS ANGELES, CALIF.:** The bonds issued by the Copper Export Company are secured on copper appraised at a low valuation and are guaranteed by leading copper companies. They appear perfectly safe and you can with confidence invest \$5,000 in them. The outlook for the copper companies is growing somewhat brighter.

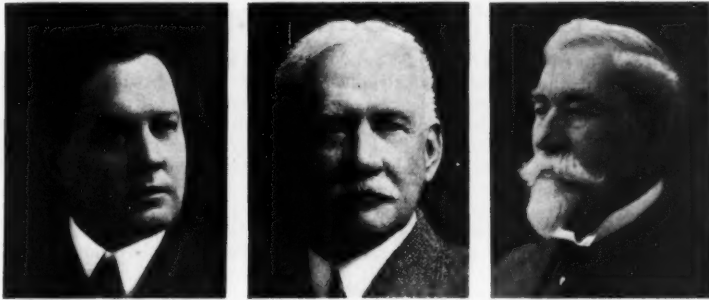
**A., ATLANTA, GA.:** Louisville & Nashville, Southern Pacific, Union Pacific, N. Y. Central, Illinois Central, Atlantic Coast Line, and Northwestern are all sound railroad issues. B. & O. common is not a dividend payer, but the preferred is and is a fair business man's investment. Railroad stocks appear to have passed through their worst, or nearly so. It is a good time to purchase the leading issues. The dividends of those mentioned above appear secure. I would not advise purchase of high-priced stocks on a margin of \$10 to \$15.

**H., SAGINAW, MICH.:** Skelly Oil and Gladys Belle are not the kind of stocks in which you should invest your little sons' money. The safest thing to do is to buy Liberty Bonds. Next to that the bonds of some first-class company, railroad or industrial. If you want a good investment, that is to say, a strictly safe one, you can not expect to get a return of 10 per cent. High yields mean a correspondingly lower margin of safety. The safest 10 per cent. stock I know of is Union Pacific common, but it is selling at a considerable premium and will not net 10 per cent. You can buy 8 per cent. and 7 per cent. preferred stocks that are reasonably safe.

**T., GAHAGAN, LA.:** It is true that the Ohio Oil Co., two or three years ago, tried to declare a stock dividend by increasing the par value of its shares from \$25 to \$100. The Attorney-General of Ohio found a technical objection to the move. The company still has that immense undistributed surplus. Some day, if all goes well, a melon is likely to be cut in a manner that will satisfy the Ohio authorities. At the price you quote, \$285, the return on Ohio Oil stock would not be large. Last year it declared dividends of 80 per cent., aggregating \$20. This year, on March 31 it paid 16 per cent., at the rate of 64 per cent., or \$16 per year. This is a yield of less than 6 per cent. on \$285.

**B., DRUMRIGHT, OKLA.:** The Cities Service Co. in 1920 earned over \$40 a share on common, which makes the





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stock an excellent business man's investment. Pure Oil common is a dividend payer, as is Studebaker, Studebaker being better regarded. Pure Oil has in the past sold much higher, but its business continues to increase. Marland Oil has been a dividend payer and is a fair purchase for a low-priced oil stock. Sinclair is not at present paying dividends on common, but the company's outlook is fine for the long pull. Radio Corp. common and preferred pay no dividends, are selling way below par, and the dividend on preferred is not cumulative until 1925. I see no attraction in these stocks. As for the speculative possibilities of the issues you name, all depends on completion of readjustment and the reviving of business in general.

V. EAT CLAIRE, WIS.: You could safely invest \$5,000 for the benefit of your son and daughter in such issues as Westinghouse Electric cv. 7's, U. S. Rubber 7's, U. S. Rubber 1st and ref. 5's, S. O. of California 7's, S. O. of N. Y. 7's, Southern Pacific 7's, Union Pacific 7's, Beth Steel 7's, N. Y. Central 7's. All these are readily marketable. They make handsome yields and are safe. Armour & Co. 7's and Morris & Co. 7's are well regarded, as both companies are prosperous and strong. The bonds dealt in by S. W. Straus & Co. are 1st mortgage real estate bonds, are well secured and safe, though not so marketable as the bonds of the two packing companies.

M. UPPER MAUCH CHUCK, PA.: The Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad is one of the well-to-do lines and pays 4 per cent. dividends on common stock. Practically all its preferred stock has been exchanged for common stock and bonds. The Philadelphia Electric Co.'s new preferred stock looks like a reasonably safe investment. The company has been paying 7 per cent. on common. Dividends on the preferred were initiated on December 15 last, and are to be quarterly. Midvale Steel, although it has suspended dividends, is a company of strength and possibilities. The stock at present quotations looks like an excellent long-pull speculation. Westinghouse Electric 7's, Union Tank Car Equipment trust 7's, American Agricultural Chemical 1st ref. mortgage 7½'s, and Bell Telephone Co. of Pennsylvania 1st ref. mortgage 7's all have a high rating.

P. ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, MASS.: The Midvale Co. is a strong organization, but it has had to conserve its resources and to pass its dividend. Its stock is non-speculative. Anglo-American Oil is in the S. O. group. It is prosperous and is a dividend payer. Ontario & Western stock is one of the railroad weak sisters. Nominally it pays a dividend of \$1, but there is no certainty of it. Minneapolis & St. Louis is not a dividend payer and is too long a speculation to be recommended. Southern Pacific is a sterling issue. Frisco income 6's are making such a liberal yield and the outlook for the road is so fair that they might better be held. At present I would prefer Middle States Oil to Ontario & Western. It pays a dividend and is cheaper. You could exchange Minneapolis & St. Louis for Elk Basin Petroleum, paying 50 cents per year. Merritt Oil, paying \$1 a year, is also among the better class of cheap oil stocks.

C. SELMA, ALA.: Southern Railway Co. development and general 4's series A, mature in 1936. They are secured by a direct lien on over 3,500 miles of road, by a collateral lien on nearly 1,200 miles, by leasehold interests covering 1,800 miles, by pledge of securities, etc. They are a lien on all property covered by the first consolidated 5's. They appear to be well secured and their interest is regularly paid. The coupon bonds are in denomination of \$1,000 and the registered in \$1,000 and multiples. These bonds are considered excellent investment at present price. The Erie 1st consolidated general lien gold 4's are secured on the same properties as the prior lien bonds, but are subject to Lierto. Both these issues are secured by pledges of stocks and bonds aggregating over \$64,000,000. The total of the two issues is about \$80,000,000. The security therefore is not wholly adequate, but the bonds have a fair rating and interest has been regularly paid on them. They may be called a good business man's purchase. They never can become a first mortgage.

P. LOS ANGELES, CALIF.: Both the railroad and the oil situation are likely to make a better showing in course of time. General Motors common is a speculative issue and there has been some doubt as to maintenance of the dividends. Perhaps Middle States Oil, also speculative, but making a higher yield, would be better than General Motors. Rock Island common is such a long pull, I would prefer to exchange it for a dividend payer. You might

consider Lee Rubber & Tire, Miami Copper or Cerro de Pasco Copper; St. Paul preferred is a long pull, making no return. I would rather have American Steel Foundries paying \$3, Allis-Chalmers common, paying \$4, Pure Oil paying \$4, or Couden & Co. paying \$2.50. It does not seem advisable to sell at a loss your St. Paul 4½'s, or Great Northern preferred. These can be held for better prices. Ohio Cities Gas gold notes are safe to hold. Ohio Cities Gas is now known as Pure Oil. It is flourishing and its issues are reasonably safe. Although Atchison and Southern Pacific common are both excellent, I do not advise selling bonds to buy them. Safe purchases at this time are American Woolen preferred, Allis-Chalmers preferred, American Locomotive preferred, Cities Service preferred, U. S. Steel preferred, and U. S. Rubber preferred.

New York, May 14, 1921.

### Free Booklets for Investors

"Securities Suggestions," which discusses the motor and tire situation, will be sent free on request by R. C. Megargel & Co., 27 Pine Street, New York.

The First National Bank of Plentywood, Mont., will mail to any address a list of first-mortgage loans, ranging from \$1,000 to \$3,500, secured by mortgages on farms in Montana, each valued at from three to five times the amount of the loan.

The "Bache Review," noted for its intelligent surveys of conditions in the business and financial world, is of great value to investors. Copies free on application to J. S. Bache & Co., member of the N. Y. Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York.

Among stocks that have a good rating, Cities Service Company's 6% cumulative preferred stands high. Earnings after prior charges are five times preferred dividend. The shares may be had at a price to yield over 8½%. Write for circular P-17 to Henry L. Doherty & Co., bond department, 60 Wall Street, New York.

Scott & Stump, specialists in odd lots, Stock Exchange Bldg., Philadelphia, and 40 Exchange Place, New York, offer to send to interested investors special letter S P-10 disclosing the financial status of Studebaker, General Motors, Texas Company, and Pure Oil; also "Investment Survey," which covers general market conditions, and in addition their Twenty-Payment Booklet No. 201.

The esteem in which Investors Bonds are held is indicated by the fact that a prominent Chicago bank places much of its funds in them. The bonds are first mortgages on high-grade property, pay 7% and can be bought on partial payments. Booklets No. 1-121, describing the bonds, may be had of the Investors Company, Madison & Kedzie State Bank, Chicago, or Inter-Southern Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

Many financiers have lately expressed the opinion that the copper stocks are due to have a material advance. Information on which such a forecast is based may be found in a valuable circular prepared by Charles H. Clarkson & Co., 66 Broadway, New York. In view of a possible active market, the data on leading copper issues contained in this circular should be in the hands of all interested parties. Ask Clarkson & Co. for Bulletin LW 50.

To those looking for investments which do not fluctuate, in either good or bad times, the Miller first mortgage real estate bonds strongly appeal. They bear 7% interest, are in denominations of \$100 to \$1,000, mature in two to ten years, and may be purchased on the partial payment plan. The merits of these issues are interestingly set forth in a booklet "Two Men and Their Money," the full story of what happened to Smith and Jones, for which apply to G. L. Miller & Co., Inc., 110 Hurt Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

In view of the uncertainties of the railroad situation, a distinct service is being rendered to investors by E. M. Fuller & Co. members Consolidated Stock Exchange, 50 Broad Street, New York. The firm proposes to issue analyses of seventy-two different railroads. In view of the difficulties besetting the carriers—declines in earnings, excessive wage payments, and doubtfulness of dividends—this sort of work is much-needed at this time. The first analysis covers Atchison, Baltimore & Ohio, and Rock Island, and may be obtained of Fuller & Co. by asking for LW-64.

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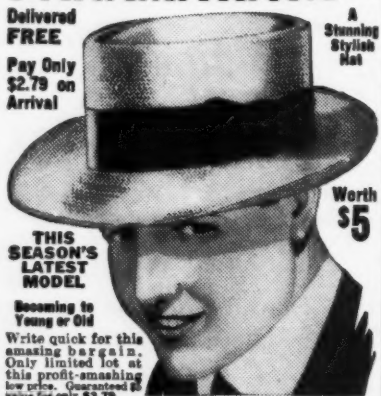
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**Will the Polo Cup Come Back?**

(Concluded from page 531)

four, was killed in the war, but Lockett, Tomkinson and Barrett remain.

The only question is whether they will bring the same zest to the polo field which they had in June, 1914. Much has happened to them since, for within two months after the polo match all four members of the team were in active service and there were a good many months and years thereafter without polo. When they meet America they will face a much younger combination, and once again the age-long sporting test as to the comparative worth of youth and experience will be fought out.

**A**S for the ponies, not one of them on either side is in a class with Tenby, although five of the American fifty have had some experience in international matches.

It might be supposed that the American string of horses would be under some handicap from the necessity of crossing the ocean and becoming acclimated to new surroundings, but experts assure me that this is not so. Most of the American ponies are English bred and they are back in their own element.

England, I am told, is a veritable paradise for polo ponies, which begin to grow sleek and fat even before they have lost their sea legs. English oats, English grass and English climate, so the experts say, is not to be duplicated even in our own blue-grass country. At any rate our ponies will have had a long stay in England before the matches begin, and plenty of time is being allowed for them to become accustomed to their lot.

The first match will be at Hurlingham

on June 18, and the second on June 22. The issue is to be decided by the best two out of three, and if a third match is needed it will be held on the twenty-fifth. The present encounter will be the first of the international polo matches since the war.

Although there is a considerable body of stirring tradition about Anglo-American polo, the series does not date back very far. America did not take up the game, which is one of the most ancient of athletic sports, until the eighties. In 1886 an English team visited us, in response to a challenge for a meeting with a cup as a prize, and captured an easy victory.

**T**HIS match was played in Newport.

Six years later an American team went abroad and made a good showing by capturing the first game of the rubber, but England took the next two and the cup stayed put.

America was more successful in the invasion of 1909, and the visiting team, of which Devereux Milburn was a member, brought home the cup. England challenged in 1911 and in 1913 and lost, only to win the next year.

The experts think that the cup will come back. So persuasive are their predictions that the bettors have made America a slight favorite. They are banking on the youth and fire of the American team, directed and modified by the experience of Milburn. At least, that is what they say. Perhaps their opinion rests on nothing more than the fact that most of the cups are already in America, and so why not the polo trophy as well?

**Coming: "Forest Protection Week"!**



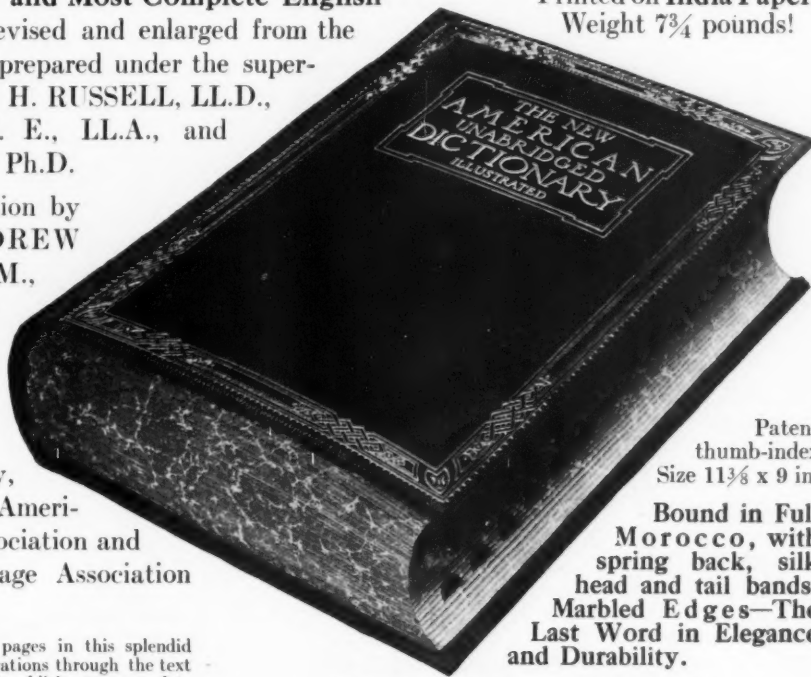
LEROY JEFFERS

President Harding by proclamation has set aside the week beginning May 22nd as "Forest Protection Week." This is part of a campaign to teach the American people the urgent need of conserving the priceless heritage of timber which we are in imminent danger of sacrificing to forest fires and wasteful use. Here are some of California's forest giants that owe their lives to the action taken by the Government when it set aside a vast area and called it the "Sequoia National Park."

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